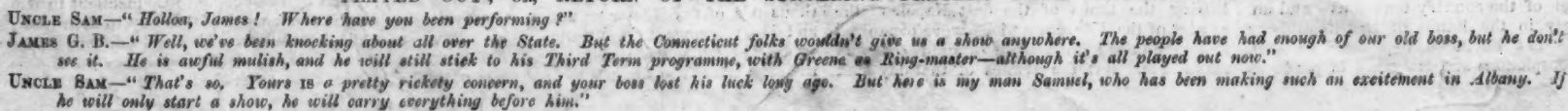


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PLAYED OUT; OR, RETURN OF THE STROLLING PLAYERS FROM CONNECTICUT.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CONNECTICUT'S LESSON.

THE result of the late election in Connecticut may be safely left to point such political morals as lie upon the surface. The defeat encountered by the Republicans in this accepted trial of strength between them and the Democratic Party has been sufficiently emphatic and sufficiently sweeping to attest the presence in the popular mind of a repugnance as general as it is deep-seated against the administration of President Grant, as well as against the political tactics by which his friends in Congress and elsewhere have sought to recruit his waning strength. Indeed, this repugnance has become so pervasive in its influence, that the popular Nemesis refuses to be appeased by a sop thrown to Cerberus in the shape of the mild demulcents with which General Hawley sought to soothe the irritations of his constituents by avowing opposition to the third-term movement, and by pointing to his vote against the Force Bill. As civilized persons can never be brought to regard the Hottentot as anything better than a besotted idolator, whether he adores or whips his fetish, so the people seem to have grown impatient, not only with the politicians who crook their knees before the brazen image of General Grant, but even with those who, having manliness enough to scorn a part of the ritual service required at their hands, have not had firmness enough to turn their backs entirely on the seducing spirit that has misled them. The people are determined that this new political idol shall be cast down from the high places of the land, and they will tolerate no halting between two opinions on questions which they see to be of vital moment to the very existence of republican and representative government on this continent.

There is, however, one aspect of the recent political contest in Connecticut which we perhaps may be pardoned for bringing into distinct relief, as well because of its importance as because it is in some danger of failing to receive due attention from the casual observer. We refer especially to the direction impressed on the political campaign in that State by the ablest and most dexterous of the political debaters who undertook, on behalf of the Republican Party, the difficult task of vindicating its policy towards the reconstructed States. By nominating as their candidate for the office of Governor an estimable gentleman whose highest claim to such a distinction was the fact that he had caused a hundred guns to be fired in jubilation over President Grant's Louisiana Message, the Republicans saw that they had made this branch of their policy the key of the political position in Connecticut, and that this passing phase of an ever-growing civil complication could not be justified without assuming the entire defense of the course that has been pursued towards the late insurgent States.

It was to this aspect of the question that Mr. Blaine, among others, addressed all the resources of his political logic, and all the adjurations of his political oratory. Disclaiming the part of an "alarmist," and professing the "least possible desire to appear sensational," he warned the people of Connecticut against the dangers of putting the Democratic Party "in the way of obtaining control of the National Government." Such a result, he urged, would "be the beginning of a policy of reaction of which no man could see the end; a policy so violent that under the impetus acquired from victory and the confidence growing out of power, it would rush probably to the wildness of a counter-revolution, overturning or setting aside, or, at least, unsettling, many of the now accepted and most important points of public policy." Confessing for himself, against the predominant opinion of his political confederates in the House of Representatives, as also against the known wishes of President Grant, that he reposed no faith in any special form of additional coercive legislation to be brought to bear against society in the South, Mr. Blaine was frank to admit that what is required for the pacification of the country is "not more law but a better public opinion;" and then, with a singular want of political perspicacity, or else with a deplorable want of candor, he proceeded to add that the only way to bring about this better opinion "is for the Northern States to hold the political power of the country tenaciously and unwaveringly in the hands of the Republican Party." "Let Northern firmness," he said, "be as conspicuous and enduring in peace as

it was in war, and the South will weary of the contest and divide on other issues."

Never has the policy of fatiguing a people into compliance with oppression and wrong received a more unblushing avowal. But there is much more implied in this line of argument (if argument that may be called which is none) than meets the eye of the superficial reader. Such a defense amounts to a practical confession of judgment against the whole policy of the Republican Party. It virtually admits that the party has justly forfeited the confidence of the people by what it has done, and seeks to coerce a reluctant toleration of its misdeeds by holding up in terror the possible evils of a Democratic reaction. If this plea were once allowed, the Republican Party might henceforth claim to extend its lease of power for an indefinite period, without any regard whatsoever to the integrity of its leaders or the wisdom of its measures, since these could never be so bad that the political rhetoric of placemen, and of interested partisans, would not find it easy to invent a still more formidable array of hypothetical dangers as likely to ensue under a Democratic administration.

Dismissing such a plea, therefore, as alike derogatory to its authors and insulting to the popular intelligence, we make bold to affirm, in opposition to the views presented by Mr. Blaine and others, that the only hope of a permanent and substantial pacification of public opinion in these United States, on the basis of the solid gains secured by the late civil war, and by the recent Constitutional Amendments, must be sought through the mediation of the Democratic Party after it shall have been placed in full control of the Federal Government. Until this event shall take place the agitations produced by the war will continue to spread and to increase in the violence of their oscillations. The whites will continue to be arrayed against the blacks, and the blacks against the whites. The men of the North will continue to be arrayed against the men of the South, and the men of the South against the men of the North. But with the advent of the Democratic Party to that supremacy in the Union which it holds to-day in New York and Virginia, the whole category of those false and panic cries by which the Republicans now succeed in dividing Southern society by "the color line" will fall to the ground, for the negroes of the South will then see that their new-won rights are held no longer by the favor of a single political party, but are placed under the aegis of a constitutional sanction, held to be irrevocable, and of universal obligation on men of all parties and creeds. Until this result shall be reached the negro will be only half-freed by the act of his nominal enfranchisement, for to-day he is as much a vassal and thrall, tied to the fortunes of the Republican Party by tricksters who play on his fears, as he ever was the slave of his former master.

Since the last Presidential election, and the adhesion then given to the new Constitutional Amendments by the Democratic Party, no real friend of the negro has any apprehensions for the freedman's liberty, franchises or true civil rights. The clamors raised under these heads at each election are meant to deceive the colored citizen, and to confuse the perceptions of the Northern voter. The result in Connecticut proves that these political sorceries have lost their power to delude, and in losing this ground of appeal the Republican politicians have lost their principal stock-in-trade at the North, preliminary to losing it at the South, where the negroes are already breaking away from the leading-strings in which they too long have been held. And it is this aspect of the case which makes the result in Connecticut of such happy augury to the peace of the nation.

WAR ALARMS FROM EUROPE.

FOR some time past it has been manifest that war-clouds were again threatening to darken the European horizon. War rumors of an alarming character freely circulate on the Continent, and from time to time in an aggravated form find their way across the Atlantic. The late series of wars, which reached one climax at Sedan and another climax at Sédan, have not completely purged the political atmosphere. Great and effective work was done; but the task was not completed; and it is no longer to be doubted that before all outstanding difficulties are removed and peace established on a sure and permanent basis another and a larger war is necessary. Within the last few days these war rumors have been waxing louder and louder. Prussia has found a cause of quarrel with Belgium because of her inveterate habit of nursing conspiracies and harboring would-be assassins; and the Berlin Post has published a most bellicose article which is certain to exercise a disturbing influence on the general public.

How far these rumors are well-founded, we know not. It is undeniable, however, that there is just cause for fear. The large armaments which are now maintained on the Continent of Europe are of themselves sufficient to justify the wildest alarm. The nations of Europe were never so armed in all the past. During the times of the first Napoleon the armies of the different nations were organized and maintained on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. But the armies of that day sink

into insignificance when compared with the armies of the present. The great powers—such as Russia, Germany, Austria and France—are literally armed to the teeth; year by year the unwholesome rivalry goes on; and the example they set is being extensively imitated by the smaller and weaker nations. Europe at the present moment, in fact, is literally groaning under the weight of arms. It is not without reason that these armies are maintained. They bode no good, but much evil. They are intended for use; and when the waited for occasion arrives, the crash will be terrific.

This, however, is not all. The Church question assumes proportions which justify the greatest alarm. Rome and Berlin are at open war. It did for a time seem as if reconciliation were possible; but time is embittering the controversy; and while the anathema is thundered forth by the one, and the strong hand is applied by the other, the obstacles in the way of reconciliation are multiplied rather than removed. The Pope is strong in the confidence of his followers. The wide world over, mighty nations recognize him as their infallible guide in spiritual matters; and it is perfectly plain that the Papal Government has decided that not one jot or tittle of its pretensions shall be abandoned. The Berlin Government has taken a stand which is quite as little to be misunderstood. It is the determination of the Prince Chancellor that in Germany there shall be no *imperium in imperio*; that the subjects of the Empire shall yield obedience to the laws of the Empire, and not to the laws of a foreign prince; that the Church, while protected and allowed reasonable liberty, will not be allowed to dictate to or dominate the State. In the opinion of each, each is right. Both are decided and determined. It is this fixedness of purpose—this unflinching purpose not to yield—which gives importance to the present relations of Germany and Rome.

We are not disposed to attach too much importance to the editorial articles of semi-official journals. The purpose which they are intended to serve is not unfrequently very different from the avowed purpose. The blow which seems to be aimed in one direction is really meant to strike in another. It is not to be denied, however, that when such articles can be published under the eye of, and, apparently, with the approval of such a man as Bismarck, the inference may safely be drawn that trouble is brewing. They are feelers; and the real object is to test the public pulse. It is distinctly stated by the Berlin Post, as reported in the Herald of Friday last, that a vigorous attempt has been made to secure an alliance which shall combine Austria, France and Italy. As we have said before, we have no means of knowing whether this report is well-founded. It must be admitted, however, that the question of alliances is the great question of the hour. The next great European war will be fought, not by one nation as against another nation, but by Europe divided into two hostile camps. The anti-Catholic sentiment of Germany and the pro-Catholic sentiment of Austria, France and Italy give a color of truth to the reported alliance, as well as help to explain the object of the war. In the article referred to, it is doubted whether such a measure is possible. But the German people are distinctly told that it is time for them to awake from their slumbers when such things are being talked of. An alliance such as that indicated might give France her revenge; and it might restore his temporality to the Holy Father. But it might range Russia on the side of Germany, and so lead, among other things, to the extinction of Austria, to the further humiliation of France, and to a state of things in Rome not pleasing to contemplate. At present we are dealing with rumor. A few weeks from now we may be dealing with fact. It will be well if all outstanding questions fitted to become causes of war shall be amicably settled. Meanwhile what with France burning for revenge, with this fierce ecclesiastical strife daily becoming more bitter, and with those large armies impatient for action, it cannot be said that the outlook is reassuring.

STOCK-GAMBLING.

WE observe that some of the financial writers in the daily papers are disposed to confound the revival of speculation in Wall Street with a revival of legitimate business. The two things have not the slightest connection with each other. Commercially Spain for two or three centuries has been one of the most backward nations in the world, yet no other people are so much given to gambling in lottery tickets. Speculating in stocks is gambling. There are differences between one sort of gambling and another, but speculating in Wall Street is for outsiders the most ruinous kind of gambling. We appeal to the common sense of our readers to decide whether just in proportion as a man engages in gambling that man is not disqualified for the successful prosecution of business. Are the countless defalcations and embezzlements which have had their origin in stock-gambling to pass unheeded? Is there no lesson in the numerous failures in business and the prostration of thousands of families from a state of comfort and independence to destitution, which have proceeded from this infatuation? Have we not seen enough in the last twelve years of the

effects of that passion which induces men to stake and lose their all in grasping at riches by means of some desperate speculation?

We have said that stock-gambling is the most ruinous of all games of chance or skill which are played for money. What does the cool observer see in Wall Street? One or two dozen men of great wealth, who are the directors and managers of railroad, steamship, telegraph and mining companies. These men, in the expressive phrase of gamblers, "keep the game." They cook the accounts and manipulate the finances of the various concerns whose stocks and bonds are the objects of speculation. They have it in their power to make a showing of "net earnings" more or less favorable, as suits their purposes. Even though they be perfectly honest and straightforward men, they have an immense advantage over outsiders, because they know the true condition of the affairs of the corporations which they manage, while the outside speculators know only what is told them. Moreover, these inside men are skilled practitioners. They have been, most of them, all their lives on the Stock Exchange, and the days of some of the most successful of them have been of patriarchal length. The outsider who contends with them is like the billiard champion of a country village attempting to give odds to the great players of the metropolis. But on the Wall Street table the outsider can play only with one hand and one eye, while those who run the establishment have the full use of all their powers and faculties.

Again, it must be considered that the great wirepullers of the stock market have a vast capital to fall back upon. A temporary reverse ruins the outside speculator, and sweeps away all that he has saved or inherited. It is not so with the keepers of the game. They have their millions to fall back on, and if they are so unfortunate as to lose, which they rarely do to outsiders, they can double their stake. Nothing is so pleasant and profitable to the monarchs of Wall Street as the existence in the minds of the public of an impression that stocks are going to rise. This gives them an opportunity to prey on little people, as the whales do on little fish. It is much more satisfactory to them to do this than to engage in desperate combats with one another. The way the game is worked is something like this: A stock which is selling at 30 will be bought up as quietly as possible by some individual operator, or some combination. Then a great noise about the excellent condition and fair prospects of the concern will be made in the newspapers, and meanwhile the price will be kept steadily advancing. All manner of information and "points" will be spread abroad. "Net earnings" will marvelously increase. A revolution will be made in the Board of Directors, and the former extravagance of the management will be mercilessly exposed. Combinations will be made with other companies to "add to the value of the property." So-called "stockholders" will communicate valuable information to the public through the press, at a cost to themselves of one dollar a line, which they are so philanthropic as to assume in order that every man having even five hundred dollars to spare may double his money. All this while "confidence" is reviving. When the stock sold for 20 no one had any faith in it. When it gets to 50 there is a strong opinion that it will go higher. When it has reached 70 confidence is unbounded, and is quoted as a sure sign that prosperity is again to smile on the land. But what if it happens at this stage of the excitement that out of every ten shares the outside public own nine, and the holder of the odd share, having other use for his capital, is indisposed to buy?

THAT "TIDAL WAVE."

THE returns from Connecticut show clearly enough that the elections of last Autumn were no mere spasmodic demonstrations of popular discontent or temporary local feeling, but proofs of a deliberate determination on the part of the people to overthrow the present administration of national affairs. The Republicans might well have hoped to achieve a victory. They had the prestige of a quasi-success in New Hampshire; they had plenty of money; their most popular speakers were enlisted for the canvass; their interests in the issue were vital. The Democrats, on the other hand, were notoriously unprovided with the sinews of war, and went into the contest with nothing but their principles to sustain them. That these principles triumphed against ample means and governmental influence is a clear proof that the popular sentiment is decisively adverse to Grantism and so-called Republicanism. Even General Hawley, the only man on the ticket who did not indorse each and every act of Ulysses, was ingloriously defeated. The so much talked of "tidal wave" was no sporadic freak of the ocean, but the charging vanguard of a victorious element. The victory in Connecticut is a substantial and prophetic achievement. It will give heart to the patriots of other States, and foreshadows a national triumph. Citizens of other States have only to emulate the wise administration of affairs inaugurated by the people of Connecticut to win popular confidence and to rally to their banners all those who are sick and ashamed of the condition into which the affairs of our noble republic have sunk under the weight of the



party which has bribed and cheated and crawled its way into power.

The struggle for the overthrow of existing tyranny and malfeasance comes at an opportune moment. The approaching Centennial revives all the memories of a glorious and stainless past. The record of the Revolutionary struggle will be read again and again by the third generation from its inception; and the contrast between the past and present cannot but be appreciated at its full value. We shall see, by the rekindled light, that the wrongs perpetrated by the Ministry of George III. were trifles in comparison with the consummated outrages of American citizens we have trusted, loaded with favors, and raised to power. We shall be led to institute a comparison between Washington and Grant—between the man who might have retained power for his lifetime and scorned to avail himself of his personal popularity to become a perpetual Dictator, and the man who, tried in the balance and found wanting, is still straining every nerve and employing every corrupt means to obtain a third nomination, which might lead to a virtual overthrow of republican institutions on this continent.

But such voices as now come to us from Connecticut assure us that the republic must and will be preserved, and that the American people are prepared to repudiate with scorn the theory that, out of a population of forty millions, there is only one man capable of conducting the Government as its Executive. This doctrine, however disguised, is nothing but the expression of autocracy. It is Caesarism pure and simple. Let but this doctrine be successfully asserted, and the test we can hope for in the future is the fact of imperialism with the form of a republic. But, in the event hinted at, "Caesar with a Senate at his heels," would hardly be content with a *de facto* triumph over republican principles. The insignia of empire would hardly be dispensed with, and the visible throne and purple, a vulgar and venal nobility, titles, stars and garters, would not be long in adding to the pomp, pride and circumstances of triumphant usurpation.

## GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING APRIL 10, 1875.

Monday.....114½ @ 114½    Thursday.....114½ @ 115  
Tuesday.....114½ @ 114½    Friday.....115 @ 115½  
Wednesday.....114½ @ 114½    Saturday.....115½ @ 115½

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**BAYONET-GLITTERING LOUISIANA** sends mournful greetings to those who dwell by Pennsylvania coal mines.

**TEN YEARS AGO** last Friday (9th) General Lee surrendered his army to General Grant, at Appomattox Court House.

**THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL** spoils a multitude of fine philosophical speculations about monarchs retiring from business, etc., by contradicting the rumor that he was about to abdicate.

**THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN** is going to have a college built for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching, and has given a liberal sum from her private purse towards the expense of its construction.

**CREMATION** is now available by all. The Mexican State of Oaxaca has decided that a spot may be set apart in each cemetery for the reduction, by fire, of lifeless human bodies. There was a time when Mexico burned people without waiting for them to die.

**ITALY** has gone into the one-religion fight, and will impose a fine not exceeding \$200, and imprisonment, varying from one month to one year, upon any person who publicly insults the faith tolerated by the State. It would be well if an international law could be adopted to punish any one who assaults a form of religious belief because it is not his own.

**THE ANNUAL FAIR** in aid of the New York Homeopathic Hospital Association was opened brilliantly on Saturday evening, April 10th, at the Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, on Fourteenth Street, under the auspices of its President, Mrs. General Hancock; its Vice-Presidents, Mrs. F. B. Phelps, Mrs. Parke Godwin, of Mrs. John W. Larrow, Mrs. J. Van Schaick, Mrs. S. H. Wales, and many other ladies of high social distinction. The formal address of opening was delivered from the "Floral Temple" by William Cullen Bryant.

**MANY YEARS AGO** Baron de Waldeck, a picture-fancier, and likewise a painter of much feeling, desired to sell to the French Government a collection of works by the old masters. The authorities, anxious to possess the gems, but deeming the price too high, agreed to give in return for these a handsome pension for life. This appeared a shrewd speculation on the part of the Government, as the Baron was then one of the oldest men in France. But the old man had his polite revenge by living on, drawing as a pensionnaire the price asked for his collection a hundred times over, and inviting, a fortnight ago, the heads of the departments to join him in celebrating his one hundred and ninth birthday.

**THE COMMISSIONERS** nominated by Governor Tilden for the purpose of investigating the Canal Frauds are: John Bigelow, of New York; Daniel Magone, of Ogdensburg; John D. Van Buren, Jr., of New York; and Alexander E. Orr, of Brooklyn. John Bigelow was formerly United States Minister to France, and has always been a Republican. Mr. Alexander E. Orr, the other Republican nominee, is a produce merchant, belongs to the firm of David Dows & Co., and resides in Brooklyn. Daniel Magone is a lawyer in good practice and of high repute, residing in Ogdensburg, and is a Democrat.

John D. Van Buren, Jr., is a son of John D. Van Buren of New York, formerly private secretary of Governor Hoffman. The younger Van Buren is a civil engineer by profession, and a Democrat.

**GOVERNOR TILDEN'S** famous Message concerning the Canal Frauds in New York has elicited a variety of comments from the British press. The London Times, in the course of a powerful article on the subject, has the candor to make the following remarks, the truth of which is happily attested by the cordial sympathy and support which our people, irrespectively of party affiliations, have hastened to give to Governor Tilden's action in the premises. The Times says: "We all know that at heart the American nation is as sound as our own, and equally capable of noble impulses. The malpractices thus exposed are inexcusable, but the corruption is not deep-seated, and by no means characteristic of the American people."

**WHAT COULD POSSIBLY** have clouded the dream of Robeson, that he should refuse at the eleventh hour the use of the Dispatch to the Senatorial and railroad excursionists? When the doughty travelers were ready to embark, he said they might take a little trip along the Gulf, but that the exigencies of the particular time demanded a strong naval force at a point whence a direct movement could be made upon Mexico. Were the salty breezes that swept through the windows of the Navy Department charged with the fumes of sulphur and powder? and were the nostrils of the grand high admiral tickled therewith? The answer is locked up with archives where nothing but "another mysterious fire in the naval headquarters" can find it. The Senators, however, instead of braving the fury of Mexicans, are quietly resting in Florida.

WHICH of these problems can you read easiest?

*Regiment*  
*John D. Van*

**AT THE ANNUAL MEETING** of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, held in Springfield, April 7th, twelve colleges were represented by delegations. The morning session was devoted principally to amendments of rowing rules and of the constitution. By the rules, as now adopted, the course of each boat is to be marked by parallel lines of buoys placed once in an eighth of a mile, 100 feet apart. No crew will hereafter be permitted to employ any but graduates or undergraduates, or a person having had at least two years' connection with the college, as a coach, trainer, or janitor of a boat-house. The Regatta Committee reported that they had accepted Saratoga as the place of the next regatta on certain specified conditions, the fulfillment of which was guaranteed by the Saratoga Rowing Association, who had given bonds in \$15,000 that the conditions should be carried out. The stipulations are: Free transportation for crews and boats to and from Saratoga; good boat-houses and quarters, with first-class board at \$10 per week; the provision of the requisite steamboats, signal corps, telegraph, etc.; the suppression of pool-selling; protection against extortionate charges for transportation, the Saratoga Association to refund overcharges by hackmen, etc.; the building of a sidewalk from the village to the lake, and a grand stand capable of seating 10,000. The Freshmen race will be rowed at 11 A. M., July 13th, and the University race at 11 the next day.

**THE SIGNAL OF PREPARATION** for the University races at Saratoga has already been given. Most of the college crews have begun their Summer training, and have left off smoking and all habits not conducive to the most vigorous health and the development of muscle. Princeton has been training a number of men, but their University six has not yet been finally selected. Hale, of last year's six, and Benjamin Nicoll, who was captain of the winning boat in the Freshman race at Saratoga last Summer, will row in the University crew, the latter being captain and pulling the stroke. The canal has been open for some time, and the crews have been on the water practicing for the class races. Nicoll will row with the Atlatlas during the vacation. Williams College has had fifteen men in training during the entire Winter, and will select the six from that number. Washburn, Gilbert and Haines, of last year's crew, will pull, and possibly Norton. The new men will be selected from the remainder, although it is very probable that a son of President Jewett will be assigned an oar in the boat. The next most prominent man is Dewey, of Chicago, a very large, powerful fellow. Williams is very confident of success this year, and will be satisfied only with first position. The boat-house, which was partially blown down during the recent storms, has been repaired. Goodwin will pull the stroke for Columbia this year, and is the only man of last year's crew who will pull in the boat at Saratoga next Summer.

**HENRY CLAPP**, the veteran journalist, who died on Saturday, April 10, was universally known to the press as the "King of Bohemia." He was born, about sixty years ago, at Nantucket, "of rich but respectable parents," as he used to say. After a voyage to South America as a pupil of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin's naval school, he resided a while in New Bedford, in Boston, and in New Orleans. In the latter city he was engaged unsuccessfully in mercantile pursuits. Returning to Massachusetts, he edited a paper in Lynn, in the early days of the Temperance crusade, and was once imprisoned there for his boldness in attacking the foes of that

cause. Under the leadership of his friend, Nathaniel P. Rogers, he became a lecturer on the abolition of slavery, and on peace as well as on temperance. Ralph Waldo Emerson bestowed upon Henry Clapp the high praise of being one of the most promising of the orators engendered by New England Reform. Mr. Clapp subsequently lectured throughout Great Britain, and he was a member of the great Peace Congress at Brussels. His published speech at the Congress was sandwiched between speeches by Cobden and Emile de Girardin, and was more eloquent than either of these. He sojourned for several years at Paris, as a correspondent of English and American journals. Returning to New York, he translated for Albert Brisbane several important works of Fourier, whose doctrines he advocated. He started the New York Saturday Press (a sprightly but short-lived weekly paper), and he invented the felicitous title of the *Vanity Fair*. He was an associate editor of the *Leader*, and a miscellaneous contributor to *Harper's* and to other magazines. "He was," says the *Tribune*, "a man of brilliant wit in other days, and as he had traveled far and observed closely, his talk was full of entertainment. The latter years of his life have been passed in penury and suffering."

**KALSMINING GRANT.**—In our delight at the recent adjournment of the United States Senate without accomplishing more mischief than it did, in the universal joy at getting rid of our Conscrip Fathers, we are in danger of forgetting some of their most reprehensible acts. One of these was the resolution indorsing the course of General Grant to the South, and a general certificate of character from the august body which issued it. The whitewash was applied liberally. If not a work of art, it was a job of "kalsmining" faithfully done, and the Senators showed themselves well qualified to earn a living by a trade hitherto monopolized by a number of colored men and brethren, and which may do them yeoman's service in the possibly not far distant hereafter, when their constituents have dispensed with their labors at the National Capitol. The trouble is that the coat with which they have invested our adorable Chief Magistrate is not of a durable character. It is not waterproof—it is not at all tenacious. It requires constant renewal. Seriously, however, we think that it is a grave offense on the part of Senators of the United States to pass resolutions indorsing a President of the United States under any circumstances whatever. It is overstepping the line of their legitimate duty, and is quite as gratuitous and uncalled for as it would be for the Chief Magistrate to send a message to the Senate eulogizing its behavior during a session. If there be nothing in the Constitution absolutely forbidding such a Mutual Admiration Society, there is nothing certainly which implies a sanction of it. The duties of each branch of the National Legislature are distinctly defined in our great *Magna Charta*, but we search that instrument in vain for any instructions directing Senators to pass formal votes approving of the course of the Chief Magistrate. One of the most important features of our system is the division of labor, so to speak—the separation of the branches of the Government, and the clear definition of their respective spheres. The efficiency and independence of each is thereby secured. The Senate was not instituted to play into the hands of the President, nor the President to ask or receive favors of the Senate. It is a presumptuous and unwarrantable innovation, one fraught with decided evil, for the Senators to indorse the President in general terms, as they did when they issued a certificate of good character to General Grant. It was a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, if not of its letter.

**THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN** opened its Fifth Annual Exhibition on the 8th of April. On the previous evening all the cultivated classes of our metropolitan society were represented in the crowd which filled, by invitation of Mr. Secretary Richards, the galleries of the Venetian building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The large number of ladies present not only betokens the actual growth of artistic taste on the part of American women, but bodes well for the transmission of such hereditary influences as have been accumulated in European communities by habitual familiarity with works of art, from generation to generation, for centuries. Sculpture makes but a meagre show at the Academy exhibition, the acknowledged skill of Americans in this branch of art being exemplified only by a few busts. Several pictures by foreign artists are exhibited, of which one of the most notable is a fine portrait, by Bouguereau, of a grandchild of Mr. B. H. Field. Among the works forwarded by American artists resident abroad are "The Circus," by F. A. Bridgman, two paintings by E. M. Ward, an "Italian Scene," by George Inness, "The Sentinel," by Stephen Van Schaick, and a female head by David Neal. Many pictures intended for the exhibition by Church, S. R. Gifford, Homer Martin and other prominent painters, were excluded by the newly adopted rule which prohibits the admission of works previously exhibited in the studio, at clubs, or elsewhere. If none of the 550 pictures on the walls can be called pre-eminently great works, there are nevertheless many which attest the encouraging progress of American art. "Cardinal Wolsey and his Friends," is a picture which, it signed by Meissonnier instead of J. B. Irving, would elicit the most unqualified applause from certain critics and professed connoisseurs who affect to admire only foreign productions. It is one of Irving's best and most elaborate pictures. In portraiture, Mr. P. H. Gray and Mr. Huntington are fairly represented. A female head by Mrs. Jennie G. Loop is worthy of its conspicuous place. Even the rapid glance, which alone is possible at such a crowded reception as that of Wednesday evening, revealed the merits of "Milton and his Daughters," by Eastman Johnson, "The Wreck," by Moran, and landscapes by Bierstadt, Whittridge, Wyant, Thomas Moran, J. B. Bristol, David Johnson, Charles H. Miller, Edward Gay, Arthur Parton, James Hart, K. Van Elten, Hubbard and Magrath. Five pictures of moderate dimensions from the pencil of A. Wordsworth Thompson at-

tracted deserved attention. Their titles are, "On the Sands at East Hampton," "Virginia in the Olden Times," "A Scout in the Mountains of North Carolina," "Gathering Apples," and "Homes on the Rock," a view of a group of shanties on Fifty-sixth street, with characteristic spirited figures. These pictures evince those excellent qualities which have won for Mr. Thompson an enviable reputation—a loyal and loving interpretation of nature, charming color and delicate manipulation. He produces admirable effects by simple and legitimate methods. His figures are particularly good. They never suggest the lay-figure—always appearing to be life-studies made in the different scenes to which they belong. The groups on Hampton Beach are very life-like and varied in expression. So are those wearing the rich costumes of the last century, outside the homestead in the Old Dominion. To natural gifts Mr. Thompson adds the results of long study in the best foreign schools of art, and amidst the finest scenery of Europe and America, as his productions prove.

**THE FEMALE CORRESPONDENT** is rapidly becoming a horror to public men. Man regards a Senator in a purely political light, and contents himself with criticising his past record and estimating what the future one will be. Woman notices his nose, the color of his eyes, the mannerisms; tells us what his domestic life should be, the subtle influences that direct his vote, and all the points of that portion of the dual-life that belongs strictly to the family of the subject. Thus, one of these politico-social scarificators says of Senator Eaton:

"He doesn't impress one agreeably; his first speech was unwarrantable in its violence, and made us think that Mrs. Eaton must be very meek to live with such an irascible temper, or else very adroit in avoiding family jars."

Mr. Whyte, of Maryland, is denominated the ornamental Senator, and instead of telling us of his accomplishments and ability, this is the picture that is drawn:

"One rarely sees eyebrows so excessively arched, over eyes so deeply set, or a head so very regular in its development as that of Mr. Whyte. The faultless wrists come down over the handsome hands that are so daintily assorting the papers covering the desk; the collar and necktie are perfect in fit and adjustment, and his tailor is an artist."

Senator Jones of Florida is unceremoniously dubbed the raw-oyster fiend, and when the national pot-pie is uncovered, Mr. Jones is taken out on a fork and held up so:

"The forehead is square; he combs the curly red hair up from the roots till it stands like a battlement, giving him an aggressive appearance, and you are sure that at Donnybrook fair he would be quite ready to 'hit a head wherever he saw one.' He wears the finest broadcloth, his boots shine amazingly; gloves he generally abjures, and his invariable silk hat doesn't look as if it were the kind of chapeau he usually affected; but this is his first appearance."

Not a word about the third-term scheme, nor the press-gag law, nor the tidal wave, nor the Centennial; nothing but oysters, curly red hair, shining boots, fine broadcloth, and an "invariable" silk hat. And Senator Cameron—not Simon, but Angus—who is still regarded as something of a weathercock, inasmuch as no one knows just which side he will stick to, has a head, a most wonderful head. Bald, it is true, but a head

"Suggestive of domes, arched chambers where lofty thoughts abide," or words to that effect. The baldness only adds dignity to the face; the hair is white, the mustache a fringe of silver, the blue eyes pleasant; but the whole expression is one of resolute will, independent thought and energetic action."

Judge Christiancy is described in a manner that leads one to suppose this correspondent had mixed copy of a criticism on "Hamlet" with that intended to introduce us to our Senators. There is also an architectural twang about this narrative that is rather suspicious. Just read:

"Here is a Senator who would not be a noticeable man till you had taken one good look. Then you would see that the rather small head is very high above the ears; that the cerebellum has received but precious little filling, while all the bumps of the nobler part necessary for making a notable lawyer are fully developed. There are fabulous stories told concerning the amount of legal lore hidden among the secret recesses of that brain. He sits at his desk with the head dropping forward in meditation; he walks slowly about the chamber, locking his hands behind him in a sort of reverie, and his whole demeanor is suggestive of a mind as much at rest as human mind may ever be."

Senator Maxey is a Texan marginal note, or a kind of exclamation-point, or, if you wish, a simple line of longitude; Senator Paddock is known to be an honest man because he shakes hands so delightfully; Senator Wallace must have suffered intensely some time, for like Henry I., he never smiled again. When viewed in the right light, woman's influence on our political system is decidedly immense

## OBITUARY RECORD.

**MARCH 27th.**—A-lu-te, widow of the late Emperor of China.

**APRIL 4th.**—At New York, Pierre Giraud, late Captain of the schoolship *Mercury*, of the Department of Public Charities and Correction, New York, aged 41.

**5th.**—At New York, James J. Roosevelt, a member of one of the oldest families in the city, and a Judge of the Supreme Court, aged 80.

**8th.**—At London, Sir John Gray, Member of Parliament for Kilkenny, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin.

**10th.**—At New York, Dan Bryant, well-known as the most entertaining of minstrels, and a gentleman of marked kindness and generosity, aged 42.

**10th.**—At New York, John J. Williamson, a Captain of Police, aged 75.

**10th.**—At New York, Henry Clapp, Jr., known in the newspaper and artistic world as the "King of the Bohemians," aged about 60. He had led a remarkable career, appearing before the world as a temperance advocate, an early abolitionist, and a journalist of much brilliancy and wit. Nearly all the members of the club, or coterie, of which he was considered the King have passed away—the Queen, Ada Clare, dying about a year ago from hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a pet dog.

**At Washington, D. C.,** Charles Tappan, last surviving brother of a well-known abolitionist family.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 107.



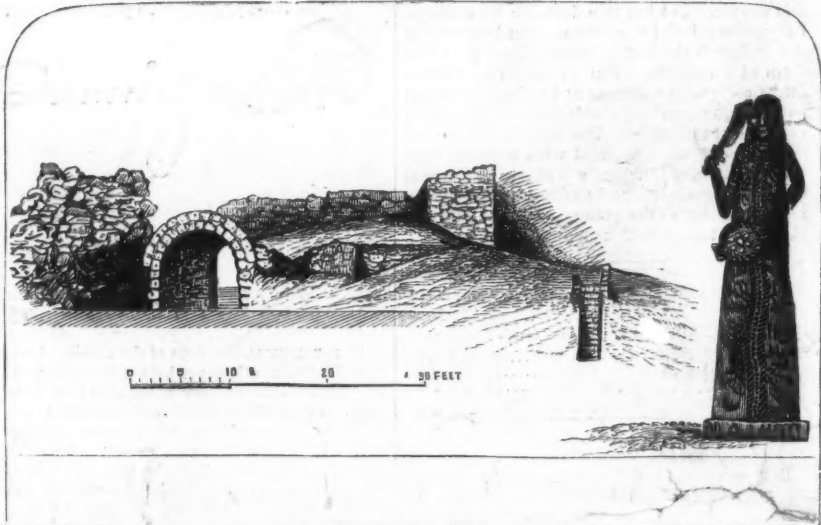
ENGLAND.—THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE—OXFORD LEADING AT CORNEY REACH.



THE WAR IN SPAIN.—SOLDIERS BILLETED ON A PRIVATE FAMILY IN VALLADOLID.



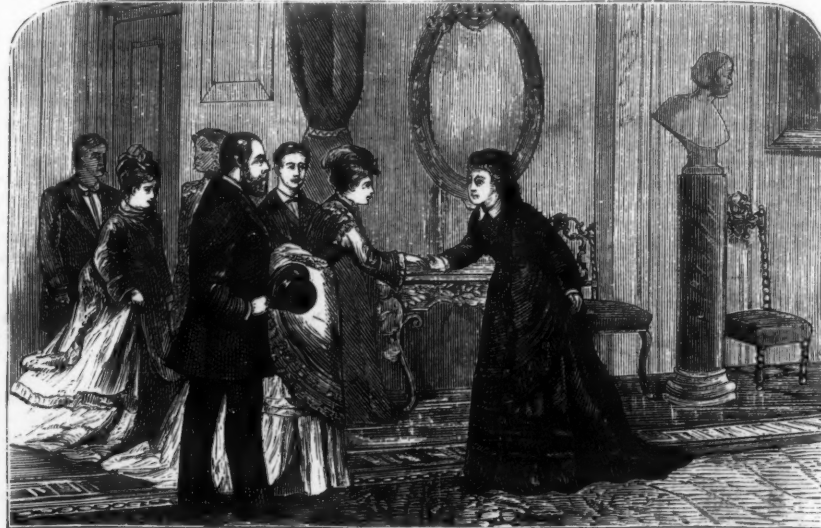
SPAIN.—THE WAR—CROSSING THE EBRO.



ROMAN LONDON.—PORTION OF THE OLD CITY WALL LATELY DISCOVERED NEAR NEWGATE STREET. A METAL FIGURE FOUND IN THE WALL.



ENGLAND.—DESTRUCTION OF RIMMEL'S PERFUME MANUFACTORY, IN LONDON, BY FIRE.



ENGLAND.—VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, AT CHISELHURST.



FRANCE.—M. BUFFET, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.



ENGLAND.—THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.



ITALY.—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGHERITA.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE LUNCH-ROOM AT A. T. STEWART'S, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH STREETS, BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 107.

REV. PATRICIO BYRNES,  
PASTOR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
CHURCH, ROCHESTER.

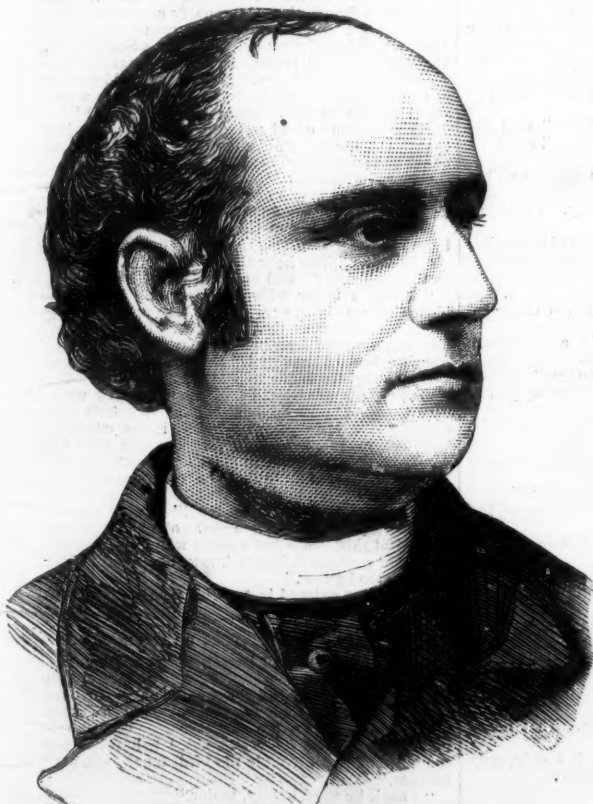
REV. P. BYRNES was born in Montevideo, S. A., March 15th, 1835. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Byrnes, came to the United States

many years, and leaving behind him a name that no cloud had ever dimmed, a memory that shall be held in benediction amongst the people for whom he labored, and the whole population of Rochester. His death is regarded as a public calamity, falling alike on the clergy and people. In him, Rochester has lost one of its best Christian citizens, and the Catholic Church one of her most learned and devoted ministers. Father Byrnes died on the 26th of March, in the fortieth year of his age. While the honored remains lay in state, they were visited by over ten thousand persons, of all creeds and conditions.

His funeral was a real ovation. It was attended by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuade of Rochester; Right Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo; over seventy clergymen, and by the *élite* of Rochester. The spacious temple was quite inadequate to accommodate the immense crowd that testified their desire to assist at the obsequies of the deceased priest, and thousands awaited patiently outside until the services were over. The solemn service of the Catholic Church was carried out in all its grandeur. The funeral oration was pronounced by Bishop McQuade, and was at one and the same time a deserved tribute to the memory of a good, exemplary and zealous clergyman, and a model of sacred eloquence. Amongst other things, he said that Father Byrnes, from his earliest years to the solemn hour of his death, had been a model of virtue; that it was not in the college nor in the seminary that he had acquired a vocation for the priesthood, that it was not in the college nor seminary that priests are made, but at home—it was at home

that during his sojourn in the parish he had erected a beautiful pastoral residence, built a spacious school in which Christian education was imparted to the children of his large flock; lastly, that when the devouring elements had laid waste his church, he had rebuilt, enlarged and beautified it with all the grace and elegance which his artist-eye dictated. Father Byrnes, the Bishop said, did honor to his sublime vocation; he was a

priest everywhere, in the church, in the street, in his pastoral visits to the members of his congregation. After discoursing for some time on his many virtues, he closed by saying that these were the good works he would carry with him to the judgment-seat of the Almighty, and which would serve as a passport to a blessed eternity. The funeral procession was most imposing, comprising the Benevolent Societies connected with



THE LATE REV. PATRICIO BYRNES, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. F. CAMALL, ROCHESTER.

when he was in his sixth year. Evincing, while yet quite young, an ardent desire for the ministry, he was sent to St. Hyacinth's College, Montreal, and later to St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, in which he graduated in 1855. He completed his ecclesiastical studies in the Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore, in 1859, and was ordained priest by Bishop Timon, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, on Christmas eve of that year. He ministered in Jamestown, Salamanca, Corning, Lockport and Rochester. During his comparatively short priestly career he built four churches and two parochial residences. "In the prime of his days and of his noble manhood," says a contemporary, "he passed away, having accomplished in a short time the work of

that this priest in a special manner had learned to love the beauty of the house of the Lord. It was at home, within reach of the roar of the deep-toned Ontario, under the watchful eyes of a Christian father and mother, with virtue and purity surrounding him, that he had become a priest.

After speaking at length of his virtues in college and the seminary, he said that when he (the bishop) went to Rochester seven years ago, he was pleased to find Father Byrnes pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and that until that solemn hour he had had no reason to feel otherwise. That he had been a model pastor; that his works spoke eloquently for his zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of his neigh-



HON. A. H. GARLAND, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BANKS, LITTLE ROCK.—SEE PAGE 107.



the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Aloysius Society, the Library Society, and the children belonging to the Sisters' schools, together with all the male portion of the congregation. Delegations were also present from the church societies of Lockport and Jamestown, where Father Byrnes had previously been stationed. The bells of the cathedral tolled all the time that the procession was passing through the city on its way to the final resting-place of the honored dead.

Rev. P. Byrnes leaves to mourn his loss, besides his father and mother, two brothers, the elder of whom, Brother Anthony Byrnes, is a member of the Order of the "Christian Brothers," and Vice-Rector of Manhattan College; and John H. Byrnes, senior member of the firm of Messrs. J. H. & P. Byrnes, Rochester; and also four sisters, three of whom are married, the fourth being a religious of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville.

## FOUR SONNETS.

BY FRANK T. MARZIALS.

## I.

## MY LITTLE BOY'S FACE.

O little face, little, loved tender face,  
Set, like a saint's, in curls for aureole—  
Little, loved face, in which the clear child-soul  
Is mirrored with a changeful perfect grace;  
Where sudden ripples of light laughter chase  
The dimples round the dainty mouth; where roll  
Cloud-shadows of great questionings, and dole  
For human ills half realized; where race,  
In restless sequence, gleam, shade, and shine—  
A thousand feelings, sorrow, love, and joy,  
A thousand thoughts, of folly half divine,  
And bold imaginings, and fancies coy,  
And reasonings dream-like—O my boy, my boy,  
How I do love that little face of thine!

## II.

## LIFE.

O little face, how soon the years, alas!  
Shall score stern lines upon that pure smooth brow,  
And round the eyes and vermeil mouth, where now  
No harshness dwells, but all emotions pass  
As subtle-smooth as light winds over grass—  
Aye score stern lines, marking the when and how  
Of all life's storms: I hear their sway and sough  
Coming; they gleam upon us: from the mass  
Of congregated clouds leap fire, and rain,  
And thunder; then they sob themselves to sleep.  
But, ah! the difference in the Summer plain,  
The shatter'd woods, the sodden meadows deep,  
And blasted promise of the golden grain—  
And at the change I cannot choose but weep.

## III.

## THE CLASSICAL IDEAL.

Must then thy beauty be so soon outworn—  
A canker'd bud doom'd to untimely death;  
A hoar-frost landscape, melting at a breath  
Into unsightly drops; a pearl-rose moro  
Heralding sleet and dank gray mists forlorn;  
A goodly garment, as the Psalmist saith,  
The moth shall fret until it perisheth?  
For so some hold, deeming all beauty born  
Of youth's fresh tinging and untroubled lines,  
Of color only and of form—aye, hold  
That it must fade as each full feature pines  
With age, and the flush cheek grows wan and cold,  
The eye less bright, and chill with silver shines  
The hair of bronze that had the sheen of gold.

## IV.

## THE GOTHIC IDEAL.

O artist soul! and art thou then the slave  
Of that dull workman, Time? I tell thee nay;  
He is thy studio drudge, to mold thy clay  
At thy behest, and at thy will to grave  
Manhood's stern marble. So thou guide the kneave,  
Then shall each touch and chisel-stroke display,  
In lines perchance now broken in the sway  
Of effort, now harmoniously suave,  
Thy pure high thoughts, which an inviolate will  
Guards from the passion-strokes of pain and ill,  
And slow corrosion of the mean and base;  
And to life's close, not only in the ken  
Of the great Master Critic, but of men,  
Beauty shall sit enthroned upon that face.

## A DANGEROUS PHOTOGRAPH.

## CHAPTER I.—WHO HAD IT.

MY sister's husband—Major Kent—had not been out of the house an hour before I saw her and George Clifton walking together down the avenue. I had freely cautioned her about her conduct towards this gentleman, of whom she knew absolutely nothing; particularly because Major Kent was elderly, choleric and jealous, but I began to perceive that my good advice and warnings would have very little effect. I certainly had no reason to distrust Mr. Clifton—he was handsome, polished and agreeable—but secretly in my mind there existed a vague doubt of him. The more my sister's confidence in his honor increased, the less became my own. At length I began to sincerely wish his fate had cast him anywhere else to spend the Summer rather than here. And now Major Kent had suddenly been called away, and his young, and I fear silly, wife was left to plunge into any folly she pleased. My influence over her was simply nothing. It seemed, indeed, that I had only to object to anything, to make her warmly approve. Advice she resented as interference, upbraidings as unkindness, and my almost tearful pleadings to take better care of herself she scornfully laughed at as old-maidish prudery. In the end, I gave over in despair.

I was therefore not prepared three days after the major's departure—during which time Estelle and Mr. Clifton had been constantly in each other's society—to find her one morning in our room kneeling by a chair wildly praying and sobbing to herself—sobbing as if all human grief were absorbed in her own single sorrow. For a moment I was unable to approach her. A horrid dread pierced me, and I stood there transfixed. It was only one moment.

"What has happened, Estelle?"

She rose, pale and agitated, and threw herself upon my shoulder.

"Oh, sister, I have been so foolish and wicked! I had but listened to you! I am ruined."

My own calmness had quite returned, and I bade her tell me everything. With great difficulty she recovered herself and we sat down together, and she related what had happened.

"You remember when we first came here I was imprudent enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Clifton. He was handsome and lively, and every one else seemed so cross and dull. One afternoon we met by accident at the photographer's. I was persuaded—I hardly know by what means—to sit in a picture with George Clifton. He

promised to destroy the negative and all the copies but one, which I should allow him to see and then keep myself. This was done. Yesterday I told him I intended to destroy the only copy remaining, and he begged to be allowed to look at it once more. He entreated so hard that I permitted this. We were walking in the avenue. The picture he faithfully returned and I placed it in my bosom; but when I came back to the house I found it no longer there. I was frantic. What if some one should get it and show it to Major Kent! I searched everywhere—inquired of every one—but without avail."

"George Clifton had the photograph," said I, quietly.

"Yes; he had found it; but I did not know that until I received a note from him this morning. I went to him immediately. He confessed that he had the picture—and—and he dared to speak words of love to me! He asked me to elope with him, and threatened, if I refused, to place the photograph in the hands of Major Kent instantly upon his return."

"Humph! I hope now that you see the force of my warning, Estelle," said I, grimly as I could assume, though I felt frightened at her revelation, for I knew Mr. Clifton's character. "I dreaded that man from the beginning, and I tried to put you on your guard."

"I know—I know!" she sobbed, afresh.

"Describe the photograph."

"I was sitting and he bending over me, his hand on my shoulder. It was, as I have said, when he first came here, and you remember he wore a heavy beard then, and long hair."

"Yes, I have not forgotten. He shaved his beard and cut his hair because he was accustomed to them only in Winter, he said. There was such a change made in his appearance by their absence that I have since wondered whether he may not have had some other reason."

"He thought, too, that they gave him a romantic, affected appearance," added Estelle.

"I have not forgotten that explanation either. Perhaps we may find out the facts some day. Well, sister, this is a pretty piece of business, upon my word. You know your husband's temperament. Should he see that photograph, all is over between you."

"Save me, save me!" she implored. "It was madness, and now see the retribution! You are shrewd and courageous, Dinah, and you care for me a little still—I know you do—and you won't desert me. Only get the photograph again and I—I will obey you like a slave hereafter, darling. Go to him and see him, and beg him give it you. He is in his room now."

"It would not be worth while to beg of Mr. George Clifton," I returned. "I must deal with him in another fashion."

## CHAPTER II.—SEARCHING FOR IT.

I WENT immediately to his room. Mr. George Clifton was just in the act of putting on his hat to go out. He had already taken his cane and lighted his cigar. My sudden appearance evidently surprised him; but he was too acute a gentleman not to guess what I had come for.

"Miss Dinah, this is a most unexpected honor," he said, with a keen and sly smile.

"I know it is," I returned, dryly. "I come purely on a matter of business. I hope you are not in a hurry."

"I meet a friend at the reading-room in about half an hour," he said, glancing at his watch. "If your mission here is very important, my friend shall wait a few minutes."

"Thank you. My mission is important."

"Then pray be seated. I am quite at your service."

No; we can understand each other without much circumlocution. You have a photograph belonging to my sister, Mr. Clifton?"

He laughed lightly. "You are assuming too much already, Miss Dinah. This, I foresee, is to be a diplomatic game, and we must be careful what language we use. Say rather, I had a photograph of that charming lady—had yesterday."

"Well, you found a photograph yesterday—that will do. I presume, as the article is valuable, you still possess it. Now, what if you please, do you intend to do with it?"

"Keep it in a very safe place, my dear friend."

"But ultimately?"

"Well," he replied, raising his eyebrows indifferently; "I hardly know, and prefer not to—"

"I understand. But you would perhaps sell that picture for a sufficient consideration."

He glanced at me sharply, the smiles vanishing. There was a pause. His answer would show me beyond doubt what his character really was. I awaited the answer impatiently.

"Yes; I would sell the picture for a good round sum, Miss Dinah."

I knew now—he was a rascal out and out.

"I don't wish to buy it; but I intend to have it, nevertheless."

"Indeed! I wish you success with all my heart."

"If the picture is on your person, do you know, Mr. George Clifton, that I could very easily have you searched, and obtain it from you in that way?"

His coolness was provoking. "I know, of course, that you could have me arrested for larceny, or whatever they call it; or that you could pay somebody to knock me down some night and investigate my corporeal belongings; but I am not afraid of either danger. I am not foolish enough to keep the photograph on my person."

"Then it must be in this room—unless," I added, with a sudden thought, "you have confided it to a friend."

"People don't confide those sort of things to friends."

"Then it is in this room?"

"If it is, Miss Dinah," he replied, sternly, and almost threateningly, "it is so well hidden that you would never find it."

"Will you permit me to search?" I demanded quickly.

He looked at me in thoughtful silence.

"Certainly not," he said.

"Then your boast was premature," I rejoined, with satirical laughter. All I desired now was to provoke him into letting me search the room. I had no fear of not discovering the article I coveted.

He was plainly much annoyed at my sarcastic merriment, and I followed it up with fresh demonstrations of the same character. But heaven knows that I was in anything but a laughing mood.

"I know that the photograph could not possibly be found," he repeated. "You would merely waste your time."

"My own loss. But I see you are afraid to put me to the test. We began this battle bravely on both sides; but I have frightened you, Mr. Clifton. You retreat already."

"Retreat! the dev—dence!" he cried, hotly. "Search, then, if you wish. I shall only stipulate that you put things, after you have finished, in exactly the same order you found them."

"Depend upon that," I returned, trembling with joy, though trying to repress it, for fear he should recall his permission.

"Meanwhile, as I should be in the way," he added,

modily, perhaps already repenting his haste, "I'll go to the reading-room. If you unearth the photograph, Miss Dinah, you will be a deal cleverer than I think you are."

I had my repartee, but kept it, being only anxious for him to leave me alone. He nodded surlily and went out. The next instant he put his head in at the door again, and said, with a smile: "Search where you please—take apart and pull down everything—peep into every crevice—only do not touch my little sandalwood box on the bureau. It contains nothing that could possibly interest you. Adieu."

He was gone, and I was alone.

## CHAPTER III.—INTERRUPTED.

I DID not even open the sandalwood box. I knew that, above every place else, it was not there. I sat down and reflected a little while. What a task, to examine this large room, to look under the carpets, in the stuffing of the chairs, and all about the bed, the sofa, the cushions, the mats on the floor! I must take apart the pictures on the wall, dissect the clock, rummage every single one of the four or five rows of books. The very thought was discouraging before I had so much as moved a finger to begin my task.

But now something else occurred to me. Was not Mr. George Clifton, shrewd and acquainted with human nature, the very person to think of concealing the photograph in the very surest of ways by not concealing it at all! In other words, had he not put it in some place so open to inspection that nobody would for an instant dream of looking for it there? I remembered the rule of detectives who are employed to discover the writers of anonymous letters: "We do not wish to have a list of people you suspect, but a list of those who are above suspicion." I rose and went over to the table.

He might have simply flung it among the novels and papers there, trusting to its being overlooked; or tossed it among the rubbish in his waste-paper basket. But, no, I was mistaken. Perhaps he had thrown it upon the pile of ashes and charred wood in the fireplace, or stuck it, back outward, among the cards and invitations along the frame of the mirror over the mantelpiece. Again, upon examination, I acknowledged my guesses at fault.

Why not under the inkstand, or among the cigar-lighters? No. Perhaps in that pack of playing-cards? No. Or boldly framed in the album? No. Then possibly in this jar of smoking-tobacco? No. Or folded up with that elaborate napkin? No. Inside of one of those slippers? No. Back of that calendar? No. Attached to that roll of music? No. Then without doubt in the neck of that bottle of brandy? No, alas, no!

I had been running from one thing to another, and so eagerly, that I felt a little out of breath. But I was not discouraged. I was surer than ever that the photograph was concealed in the room. So far my search had been capricious. I now began it in detail.

For twenty minutes longer I worked untired, and with all the haste I could command, and I verily believe I did not fail to inspect a single inch in that chamber. My success was simply nothing. Only one thing remained—to take up the carpet.

Just as I knelt, there was a knock at the door. Had George Clifton returned? How he would enjoy my discomfiture!

The door opened, and, in his stead, Major Kent entered, followed by a short, vulgar-looking person, badly dressed, and with muddy boots. Who on earth was he, to be in the august Major Kent's company?—the stuff old major, who rarely spoke to any one, even in courtesy.

"Dinah," said my brother-in-law, sharply, "what are you doing here? I've been searching the house over for you. Where's Clifton?"

"He went out about half an hour ago," I answered, puzzled and perplexed at this sudden interruption. "He said he was to meet some one at the reading-room."

"I must go to C—to-night. This man," he indicated the stranger, "is a detective. A forged draft has been presented against my account in the bank at C—, and the forger has been traced, for other similar crimes, to this town. I don't know who the forger can be, and I rather think it's some mistake. No such person could have come here, at all events."

"I'm right, as sure as you're born," said the officer. "Man with a heavy brown beard and long hair, like a Southerner."

My heart jumped. There was a big tap on my throat, like a sudden blow on a bass drum, and for a second it took my breath away. I couldn't speak.

"I leave for C—to-night," continued the major, vexed, and upset with all this business—annoying to a gentleman of quiet, not to say, somnolent, habits. "Clifton is the only man I know here, and he can bring you, Dinah, and Estelle, to C—to-morrow."

"Very well," I replied, calmly as possible. "Send a note to the reading-room. Mr. Clifton will no doubt answer it in person at once."

Just as I said these words a servant appeared with a letter in her hand.

"The postman has left this for Mr. Clifton," she said, and disappeared as she had come.

It was a yellow envelope with the town postmark. Major Kent picked it up.

"I have it—kill two birds with one stone!"

He wrote with a lead-pencil in the corner of the envelope:

"Can I see you at once? I shall wait in your room. Alfred Kent."

"Now," he said, giving the letter to the officer, "go up either Chalmers or High Street to the reading-room, Mr. Sampson, and give Mr. Clifton this letter, if he is there. My message is in the corner—see that he reads it."

The officer started towards the door.

"You might pass your friend, the forger, in the street on your way, Mr. Sampson," said I, with a laugh.

"If I do, miss, I shall know him. That beard would identify him anywhere."

Would it? thought I. Oh, then, if I only, only had that doubly dangerous photograph!

## CHAPTER IV.—THE TRUE HIDING-PLACE.

"RING for some one to light the fire," continued the major, "and remain, Dinah, until Clifton comes in. I shall go to Estelle. She seems nervous and excited—needs advice, I think. At the instant Clifton arrives let me know."

He went out. I rang for the servant and had the fire made, and sat down to think. I was dreadfully nervous, and I confess it frankly. There is not much nonsense about old maids, as we are politely called; but I was certainly on the verge of wild hysterics now.

Could I but find that precious, that exasperating, that dreadful photograph! I would have almost given half my life for it.

There was nothing to do but begin the search again. I had left off at the carpet. Once more I knelt to grovel in the dust that I knew, from house-

keeping experience, must have accumulated beneath it. Without even a hammer to withdraw the tacks, I commenced.

I was interrupted again! George Clifton appeared. I stood up, very much annoyed.

"Fire lit, eh? Sensible idea! Pray make yourself at home," he said, looking cheerfully around.

"Did you get the message from Major Kent?"

"Message? No. Has he returned?"

"Yes," said I, curtly. I thought they had better not meet just yet. "The major will be here presently."

"I see you have not yet found the photograph."

"No. I have been continually interrupted. I haven't finished my search yet. The carpet must come up."

"Allow me a cigarette?"

"Two."

"Two's too many. Never mind the carpet. The photograph is not under it, I give you my word of honor."

"But it must be."

"I vow it is not."

"Then it is not in the room at all?"

"I never said it was!" he replied, chuckling.

I was furious. "But you led us to believe—"

"I know I did. If the photograph had been concealed here, you may rest assured I should never have permitted a search. You deal with a wary bird, Miss Dinah. I read all that passed in your mind during my little conversation before I went out. My reluctance to the search was feigned—don't I act well?"

"You are a master, Mr. Clifton. Well, how much will you buy that photograph?" was my next question.

"One thousand dollars."

"I have some money in my own right. I will give you a thousand dollars for the picture, unless you conclude to throw it into that fire beforehand. You may take my word."

"As I would the money in cash! It is hardly possible that I shall devote the pretty portrait to those flames, however, in view of its value."

"Now tell me where it is. You have confessed that it is not on your person, not in the hands of a friend, and not in this room. Where can you possibly have hidden it?"

"You would hardly believe, Miss Dinah, how much I was puzzled to find a hiding-place. On my person, I was liable to lose it, or be knocked down and robbed of it, or arrested for larceny and have it taken from me. In this room there was always danger. A friend might betray. There seemed no means of concealment. But there was one—a lucky thought suggested it. At the moment I came into possession of the photograph I sealed it in a letter, addressed the envelope to myself at this house, and dropped it in the mail. That afternoon the postman brought in the letter. Without losing time, I sealed the photograph in a second letter, stamped, addressed and posted it as before, and this morning it was brought to me again. Of all places in the world, none so safe as the United States Mail, because the most unlikely to be suspected. At a trifling cost of about five cents per diem the Government took charge of my secret and kept it under a sacred seal. Was not that ingenious?"

"Very. The postman is due now, is he not?"

"Overdue. He should have been here before this."

"Ah! He has been here."

Mr. Clifton smiled a little, looking at me rather uneasily.

"Has been here?"

His eye searched the table sharply.

"Yes; I have something curious to tell you. Major Kent was in this room a little while ago, and with him a gentleman with muddy boots, named Sampson. A detective by employment. You have dropped your cigarette—"

"It is nothing. Go on."

"Mr. Sampson has traced a forger to this town—If you fidget in that nervous manner I can't finish my story."

"Pardon me. I have been smoking too much. Always makes me a little nervous. Did Mr. Sampson have a description of the party he wanted?"

"Oh, yes! He is looking for a man with a large brown beard, and very long hair like a Southerner. He says he would recognize the said bearded individual at a single glance. Now, if he could not see the man himself, perhaps a photograph would serve equally as well. What is your opinion?"

My gentleman could not express his opinion just then. He seemed suddenly very ill. But with an effort he recovered a little.

"Proceed, please. I am interested."

"Yes; I know you are. Well, while the detective was here the postman came with a letter."

He started up out of his seat, fierce and lurid all in one second.

"You had better hear the rest," said I.

"Go on, then," and he sank back with a groan.

"It was a letter addressed to you. I have no idea what was in it, or whether there was anything in it. But it seems that this man with the beard has sent a forged draft to C—; which forgery has likewise been discovered. Major Kent must go to C—to-night. While here, the major had need of sending you a message. I told him where you were. So he, as he expressed it, had killed two birds with one stone. He wrote his message in the corner of the envelope just left by the postman and gave the envelope to Mr. Sampson, the officer, with instructions to deliver it to you at the reading-room immediately."

"The accursed, meddling fool!"

"Therefore the detective now holds the letter delivered at this house but a short while ago. What the letter contains I do not know, but I think I can make a good guess."

Major Kent entered just at this point.

## CHAPTER V.—WHAT BECAME OF IT FINALLY.

"AH, Clifton, glad I have found you. I must go to C—to-night. My wife and sister will remain over—could you do me the favor to bear them company on their way to-morrow? I expect you to stop with us a fortnight at least. Some shooting, if you care for it—very good, I believe. I am too old, and don't trouble the birds much, you may be sure."

"I shall be most happy, major."

"By-the-way—I'm in such a flurry that I had nearly forgotten it—there is a detective police officer—Somebody rapping? Come in. Ah, here's Sampson now."

Mr. Sampson had returned. The letter was still in his hand. Mr. Clifton looked relieved.

"The gentleman had just left the reading-room, sir."

"This is Mr. Clifton. You must have passed each other in the street. Which way did you go?"

"Up Chalmers Street," said Sampson.

"I came down High Street," said Mr. Clifton.

"That accounts for it. Here is a letter for you, sir, I believe," said the detective, delivering the precious envelope.

I kept my eye fixed steadily on Mr. George Clifton's handsome face. He was very pale, but he wore a smile. I leaned over and whispered in his ear:



"I will give you a thousand dollars for it." He paused a moment. Then he whispered back: "I prefer the alternative. I have concluded to throw it into that fire, as you predicted I should do." "Anything important, sir?" asked Sampson. "Only a dun. I know the handwriting," said Mr. Clifton; and he laid the letter upon the flaming wood.

The next moment it had perished for ever! I went as quickly as I could to Estelle's room. She met me with a frantic anxiety in her face to know the worst.

"I have saved you, Estelle," said I, calmly as I could. "The photograph is destroyed."

I had no fear that the lesson would be fruitless this time.

That night George Clifton mysteriously disappeared, and we have never heard of him since.

#### AN HOUR IN A. T. STEWART'S RETAIL STORE.

"STEWART'S"—every one will know what we mean by that—stands in its pure white simplicity on the block bounded by Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth Streets. It is probably the most extensive and remarkable temple of business in the world. The "Au bon marché" of Paris, and the linen-draper's and haberdashers' stores of Bond and Regent Streets, London, have been written about and commented upon by scribbling travelers and enthusiastic tourists, but the extent and splendor of these much-lauded foreign establishments are far excelled by the great American emporium created by the energy and forethought of our merchant prince, A. T. Stewart.

Its six stories of architectural beauty is a prominent feature of our city scenery. The exterior is entirely of ornamental ironwork, of a simple and tasteful design, painted white, and always kept in a perfect state of repair and cleanliness. Occupying the whole block, and being surrounded by broad flagstone sidewalks, it presents a remarkable, attractive and imposing appearance. One noticeable feature, and one which adds much to the harmony of the picture, is the entire absence of any sign or lettering upon the building. The world-wide reputation of this Mecca of shop-goers permits of the absence of the unsightly signboard abominations and cadmean absurdities that disgrace so many of our places of business. On bright days, the rows of equipages lining the curb, the crowds of gayly-dressed ladies entering and leaving the doors, the liveried coachman sitting dignifiedly upon the coach-boxes, the button-embellished footmen waiting by the coach-doors, and the stalwart private officers of the establishment, dressed in neat blue uniforms, pacing in front of the building, make the neighborhood of Stewart's the centre of a lively and attractive scene, to be witnessed nowhere else in New York.

The building was commenced in 1862, and the retail department of Mr. Stewart's immense business was transferred from his marble store on Broadway, between Chambers and Reade Streets, on November 10th, 1862. The down-town store has since been devoted exclusively to wholesale business. The up-town store at first occupied but half of the block, but the increase of business necessitated an enlargement, and the magnificent building, as it now stands, was thrown open to the public on March 29th, 1870.

The interior is of the same chaste character as the exterior. Lighted by windows on all sides, and by an immense rotunda that runs up through the centre, the whole building is bright and cheerful. Graceful columns support the floors. The prevailing color is white, but the display of the various colored goods gives a tone and softness to the whole scene almost indescribable. Here are gathered contributions from all quarters of the globe. All the multitudinous articles that go to make up the costume of a lady, all the dainty articles of the toilet, all the knickknacks and furbelows that beauty delights to deck itself with, children's outfits, bridal trousseaux, mourning goods, brilliant carpets, luxurious upholstery goods and thousands of various articles are displayed upon the numerous shelves and counters, and present a brilliant and varied exhibition of the industry and taste of all nations.

For the proper management of such an immense establishment, exact system and intelligent administration are necessary. Here everything is conducted with military precision, and on plans perfected by years of business experience. All goods are arranged in appropriate departments, and under the management of competent chiefs and skilled subordinates. In addition to the departments especially devoted to the sale of articles, there are other departments devoted to the manufacture of many of the goods sold. One of the most interesting of these is the sewing department, in which are constructed numerous articles of wearing-apparel, from the simplest underclothing to the most elaborate costumes. The furnishing of hotels, steamships, sleeping-coaches, etc., is also an important branch.

The sewing department gives employment to some four hundred females. Two immense rooms are devoted to it, one on the fifth floor, where some four hundred sewing-machines are in operation, the other on the fourth floor, where the work is mostly done by hand. The motive power for the machines is furnished by a steam-engine, thereby relieving the operatives from much tedious labor. One of our illustrations gives a view of the sewing-room on the fourth floor, and faithfully shows the busy scene.

On the fifth floor is a room used as a dining-room by the employes of the establishment. We give a view of it during its occupancy by a crowd of sewing-girls. Facilities are afforded for making tea and coffee, and with the addition of the provisions brought by the young ladies, a meal is improvised and enjoyed in an agreeable way.

The whole number of persons employed in the building is about two thousand, of which, probably, some eight hundred are ladies. All are kept busily engaged, and during business hours the whole building is an active hive of industry. Some idea of the immense amount of business transacted in one day may be formed from the facts that the average number of packages done up in the parcel-room, which is in the basement, on ordinary days, is about 20,000.

#### HON. A. H. GARLAND, GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND was born near Covington, Tipton County, Tenn., June 11th, 1832, and in the following year was taken into Hempstead County, Ark., where his parents settled, and as he has since resided in that State, he may almost be considered to be a native Arkansian. After receiving the usual instruction afforded by the village school, he entered St. Mary's College, near Lebanon, Ky., and a year later began the regular course at St. Joseph's College, at Bardonia, Ky., graduating therefrom in August, 1849. He was honored by the

latter institution with the degree of Master of Arts, and, returning home, he settled down to the practice of the law.

In 1856 he removed to Little Rock. When the storm of secession broke out, he was elected a delegate to the State Convention called to consider the expediency of following the lead of South Carolina and Virginia. He opposed the severance of friendly relations with the Northern States with much ability; but when the question was carried over his protests he cast his lot with the majority, and remained with them to the close of the war. He was one of the first to resume his allegiance to the United States Government. During the war he was twice elected a representative to the Confederate Congress, and filled the unexpired term of Charles B. Mitchell in the Senate. In 1866 the State Legislature elected him to the United States Senate, but he was refused admission under the reconstruction scheme. From that time he quietly devoted himself to his profession until the Baxter-Brooks embroilment in the Spring of 1874, when, siding with Mr. Baxter, he became Acting Secretary of State during the temporary absence of Secretary Johnson.

Shortly after Mr. Baxter was recognized as Governor by the President, the regular convention was held. Mr. Baxter persisted in declining a renomination, and Mr. Garland's name was put forward. He was elected by an unusually large majority.

Governor Garland is still in the prime of life, tall of stature, commanding in form, and with a decidedly brunette complexion. He is a calm, moderate, but at the same time a most determined man, and one well calculated to win a national reputation.

In pursuance of his proclamation, Thursday, March 25th, was observed throughout the South as a day of thanksgiving for the action of Congress in sustaining Judge Poland's report on the condition of affairs, thus preventing military interference by order of the President.

#### THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

##### OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS NEW RANK AND TITLE.

THE envoys appointed by the Holy See to announce officially to Archbishop McCloskey that the Pope had seen fit to raise him to the rank and dignity of the Cardinalate, arrived in New York on Tuesday, April 6th, on board the *Peruvia*. They are Monsignor Roncetti, Dr. Ubaldo Ubaldi, and Count Marefoschi.

On Wednesday, April 7, the first of the ceremonies incident to the trust confided to the distinguished visitors was performed at the Archbishop's residence in Madison Avenue. A number of the clergy and laity were invited to witness the ceremony.

At 1 P.M. they assembled in the parlors. The Archbishop soon entered, accompanied by his Secretary, Father Farley, and immediately supported by the Right Rev. Dr. McNeeny, Bishop-Administrator of Albany, and the Very Rev. Chancellor Preston, of the Diocese of New York. The Archbishop was dressed in a purple cassock, and wore his pectoral cross. As soon as he had taken his place, Count Marefoschi entered, dressed in the half-gala uniform of the *Guardia Nobile* in the service of the Pope—blue cloth with gold facings, cross belt and sword, wearing on his head the helmet of the Guard. Standing a few paces from the Archbishop and directly facing him, the Count held in one hand a red morocco case containing the *tocchetto*, or skull-cap, of the Cardinalate, and in the other a paper. Bowing low, he read from the paper a brief address in Latin. At the conclusion of the address the Count handed to the Archbishop the morocco case, which was opened by the Secretary of the Archbishop, and its contents were presented to His Grace. The Archbishop, taking the cap in his hand, placed it upon his head. Henceforward the wearer has a voice in the election of the Supreme Pontiff of the Church.

After a brief reply by the Archbishop to the Count's address, Father Farley announced the approach of Mgr. Roncetti, the Papal Alegate, and his Secretary, Dr. Ubaldi. As these officials entered the room, both saluted, and the former having removed the hat he had worn—round topped, with a purple tassel—passed it to the latter. Mgr. Roncetti wore a purple silk cassock. The envoys walked with quiet steps across the room until they stood before Cardinal McCloskey. Dr. Ubaldi stood at the right and a little to the rear of the Monsignor. The latter then addressed His Eminence in French.

He said: "I have the especial privilege and honor to be the bearer to you (Cardinal McCloskey), from our Holy Father, of one of the insignia of your new rank in the Church; it is the scarlet *berretta*." After some more phrases, explanatory of his mission Mgr. Roncetti congratulated His Eminence upon his new dignity, and, passing on, said that a mark of honor was intended to be conveyed to the Catholics of America through the venerable prelate of New York city.

Cardinal McCloskey replied in French. The proceedings concluded with a collation.

Before the assemblage had broken up it was announced that the Cardinal had appointed the 22d of April as the day for the public ceremony of receiving the *berretta* intrusted to Monsignor Roncetti. This ceremony will take place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city, and many of the prelates of the country will assist.

Our illustration shows the Count delivering his address, and gives a faithful portraiture of the scene.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT RACE, in which Oxford recently won so easy a victory over Cambridge, is irreverently described by a London journal as "perhaps the worst of the kind the public ever gushed over." Any sixteen members of a Thames boat-club, it adds, could have shown either Oxford or Cambridge how to row, and a professional eight could have raced either boat out of the water; but the simple public knows nothing about science at the boat-race, and is content to see two boats shoot past anyhow, so long as they do go and somebody wins. The start was effected shortly after one o'clock—the newspapers say, with great minuteness, at 1 hour 13 minutes 23 seconds—and Cambridge took the lead, keeping it up to the Crab Tree, when Oxford went ahead, and, keeping the lead for the rest of the race, won easily by seven or eight lengths, going in at Mortlake with a shocking spooning of the water. The cut represents the Oxford crew leading at Corney Reach.

THE WAR IN SPAIN has frequently offered such little episodes as are exemplified by the entry of soldiers into a handsome house in Valladolid, where they have been billeted on the family of its owner. This kind of forced hospitality is apt to be felt as a real inconvenience, although it not seldom leads to romantic complications and consequences that relieve the wretchedness of civil war and supply the novelist and dramatist with interesting material.

THE WAR IN SPAIN threatens to be as interminable as the "insurrection" in Cuba. The foreign illustrated journals are full of scenes and incidents of the prolonged struggle between the Carlists and Alfonsists. The sketch of the engraving in this Number was taken at Castijon, some twenty or thirty miles south of the actual theatre of the King's recent campaign, and on the road from Japalla to Madrid. The railway bridge here, over the River Ebro, had been destroyed, so that passengers and luggage had to be conveyed across in barges hauled along ropes from shore to shore.

ROMAN REMAINS IN LONDON.—During the works necessary for rebuilding the houses at the corner of Newgate Street and Giltspur Street, recently removed to widen the former thoroughfare, some interesting remains of the ancient city have been discovered, together with traces of London Wall. Until now no Roman remains have been met with along the course of this portion of the city wall, which has generally been considered as an extension from the Roman boundary, and of Medieval date. This discovery sets at rest this question, and also that of the course of the great Roman road—the Watling Street. Many fragments of pottery were found, these being of late Roman date, and consisting of Samian ware, black Upchurch ware, and rough fragments, most probably of local manufacture. A large figure of some kind of metal was also found.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RIMMEL'S PERFUME FACTORY in the Strand, London, by fire last month, was complete, notwithstanding the speedy arrival of the police and six fire engines on the spot. The picture of this destructive conflagration will interest the ladies and the dandies everywhere, for they have all heard of Eugene Rimmel, whose scents, as Mr. Punch has facetiously remarked, are sent all over the world. Fortunately for the celebrated perfumer, he was partially insured.

THE IMPERIAL EXILES at CHISLEHURST have frequently received friendly visits from members of the British Royal family. The Empress Eugénie lately paid a visit to Queen Victoria, and an illustration is given of the "return call" made by the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Miss Knollys and Major-General Probyn.

M. BUFFET, late President of the National Assembly, has been summoned to power by the reconstruction of Marshal MacMahon's government in the French Republic. The new French Premier is the son of an officer of the First French Empire; was born in 1818; gained his earliest successes in chemistry; studied the English language and parliamentary science during a prolonged stay in England; was subsequently, with the Duke de Broglie, among the favorite pupils of the celebrated Count Rossi; and was practicing at the Bar at Nancy when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. He was elected by 75,000 votes for the *Vosges* to the Constitutional Assembly. He twice figured in the Ministry between 1848 and 1851. Re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, he sat with M. Baroche on the commission which framed the famous Electoral Law of May 31st, 1851. Again becoming a member of the Cabinet, he withdrew from it on October 14th, in the same year. Imprisoned in Mazas at the *coup d'état*, he devoted his leisure to a tour in Italy with M. Thiers. After being twice defeated, he was elected to the Assembly in 1864. Returned to the present Assembly, he at first refused to enter M. Thiers's first Cabinet, figured among the most active members of the Right Centre, and succeeded M. Grévy as President of the Assembly.

SIR ALEXANDER JAMES EDMUND COCKBURN, Knight and Baronet, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of the Queen's Bench and of England, and one of Her Majesty's Privy Council, is about seventy-three years of age. The judgment delivered by him in the case of Mr. Eyre, the late Governor of Jamaica, and his charge to the jury in the Tichborne case, as well as his action as representative of the British Government in the Geneva Arbitration, have given him a world-wide notoriety, which his admirers call fame, the "Claimant," and Dr. Kenally, and Hon. Caleb Cushing to the contrary notwithstanding.

PRINCESS MARGHERITA, worthy daughter of the heroic Duke of Genoa, and beloved wife of Humbert, Crown-Prince of Italy, is universally hailed by Italians as a Queen of Hearts. We are therefore not surprised to learn that her latest conquest is that of Garibaldi himself.

#### FUN.

FAIR-WEEL performance—Good meals.

TRANCE-ACTION—Walking in one's sleep.

REGULAR branch establishments—Trees.

SWEETS for the ill-tempered—Tart sayings.

THE best way to double a flock of sheep is to fold them.

WHAT is everybody doing at the same time?—Growing old.

It was so cold out in Montana that whisky was sold by the plug.

We send to our butcher for a sweetbread, and if we want a sweetmeat we send to our baker.

YOUTH—"Gran'pa, what's the meaning of 'glass of port wine from the wood'?" Gran'pa (gentleman of the old school)—"Logwood, my dear boy, nowadays! Logwood! Logwood!"

AN Aberdeen pastor said to one of his feminine congregation: "Are you happy?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "I feel as though I were in Beelzebub's bosom." "Not in Beelzebub's!" "Well, some of the patriarchs; I don't care which."

TRAVELER (in Ireland)—"Hi—pull her up, man! Don't you see the mare is running away?" Paddy—"Hould tight, yer onor! For yer life don't touch the reins!—sure they're as rotten as pears! I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here. Sure that will stop her, the blaygard!"

"No, JOE, no," said a man of principle and compassion, as, with his teeth chattering, he leaned against the bar, "no hot Scotch for me. I couldn't swallow it while hundreds of wretched people are freezing at this moment. Give me a whisky sour and plenty of ice. God pity the poor!"

A CERTAIN clergyman was sent for suddenly to go to a cottage, where he found a man in bed. "Well, my friend," said the pastor, "what induced you to send for me?" The patient, who was rather deaf, appealed to his wife. "What did he say?" "He says," shouted the woman, "what the deuce did you send for him for?"

THE good people of the town of E— were talking of moving their meeting-house to a more agreeable locality. Among the advocates of the movement none were more earnest than old Deacon A—, who, by-the-way, has an uncontrollable habit of sleeping in church. No matter how interesting the discourse, the old deacon was sure to drop off about such a time. On the Sabbath preceding the day appointed for moving the house, the pastor preached an interesting sermon on "The Rock of Ages." Growing eloquent in his remarks, the minister finally added with great emphasis: "Who can move it?" The deacon having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query, and, thinking the pastor referred to the meeting-house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed: "I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, if you'll keep plenty of hard wood rolling under it." The deacon never slept in meeting after that.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE New York Senate confirmed the Governor's Canal Commission. . . . Pennsylvania troops were distributed through the coal districts of Luzerne County. . . . Inventories were published of the property of the Tweed and Watson estates. . . . Admiral Mullaney scattered the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, to prevent the spread of yellow-fever. . . . A large number of canal contracts, obtained at prices less than engineer's estimates, were resigned. . . . A topographer and astronomer were added to the Black Hills Geological Expedition. . . . It was decided to hold the College Regatta at Saratoga, July 13th. . . . Governor Tilden appointed John Bigelow, Daniel Wagone, John D. Van Buren, Jr., and A. E. Orr a commission to investigate the canal frauds. . . . Governor Tilden pardoned James H. Ingersoll, to enable him, it is supposed, to testify in the new suits against the old Ring in New York. . . . Cardinal McCloskey will be installed in the Cathedral, New York, April 22d. . . . The old suits against Tweed were abandoned and new ones instituted. . . . George Drury, member of the Louisiana House, from Assumption Parish, was indicted for participation in the forgery of the General Appropriation Bill. . . . The President and Cashier of the Dollar Savings Bank of Richmond, which suspended in September last, were arrested for embezzlement. . . . A report adverse to the use of the electric light for lighthouses was made to the Lighthouse Board by the Senate Committee. . . . The new building of the Italian School in New York city was dedicated April 8th. . . . Connecticut defeated the Administration in its election on the 5th. . . . Governor Smith of Georgia ordered the sale of the Macon & Brunswick Railroad. . . . New Directors of the Panama Railroad Company were elected on the 5th. . . . A conference took place between the representatives of the Parochial Schools and Board of Education of New York. . . . The Longshoremen of New York went on a strike again. . . . At Lowell, Mass., the striking spinners still hold hold out. . . . A rupture occurred between the Panama and Pacific Mail Companies. . . . The Kansas Pacific Railroad and the Central branch of the Union Pacific were sued by the Government to recover per centage on earnings. . . . Ohio went Democratic generally in the elections of the 5th. . . . The Sheriffs have failed to disperse the riotous miners in Pennsylvania. . . . Edward G. Ryan was re-elected Chief-Justice of Wisconsin. . . . A Bill for the reorganization of the City Commissions of New York was introduced in the Assembly. . . . The Ablegate of the Pope arrived at New York on the 6th. . . . Three regiments of Infantry and one battery were ordered to the scene of the miners' riots in Pennsylvania. . . . Ex-United States Marshal Hinds, and a number of clerks at Washington, were arrested for complicity in the mail contract conspiracy.

##### FOREIGN.

TWO more protesting Professors of the Madrid University were arrested. . . . As the Bishop of Breslau refused to resign, the Prussian authorities began legal measures to deprive him of his See. . . . The widow of the late Emperor of China died March 27th. . . . Benjamin Moran, United States Minister to Portugal, was presented to the King. . . . Germany will prosecute all its citizens who subscribe to the Carlist loan. . . . The editor of the Ultramontane *Vaterland*, of Munich, was arrested by the Austrian authorities at Salzburg, on the request of Germany, and will be sent to Berlin for trial. . . . The Rev. Dr. Newman replied to Mr. Gladstone's last paper on "Vaticanism." . . . A Rome correspondent says the Pope will take up his residence in the United States if his present condition becomes intolerable. . . . A commission was appointed in Russia to reduce the number of holidays. . . . Canada is in the toils of Ultramontane discussion. . . . British Columbia is to have the benefit of the Dominion Insolvent Act. . . . A Professor in the Madrid University is to be transported for petitioning against the reactionary educational policy of the new kingdom. . . . The Emperor of Austria was received by the King of Italy at Venice. . . . A loan of \$2,000,000, with which to pay off the Volunteers, was secured from the Bank of Spain. . . . M. Leon Say, French Minister of Finance, gave a reception to Minister Washburne and the French representatives to the Centennial. . . . By advice of physicians, Emperor William will not visit the King of Italy, but send the Crown-Prince in his stead. . . . Paul Boynton's swimming trip across the English Channel ended eight miles from Boulogne, because the pilot refused to guide him after dark. . . . Señor La Fuente, formerly editor of a Carlist journal, was appointed to the head position in the Madrid University, and the students protested. . . . The Roman Catholic Bishops assembled at Fulda, remonstrated to the Emperor of Germany against the withdrawal of State grants.

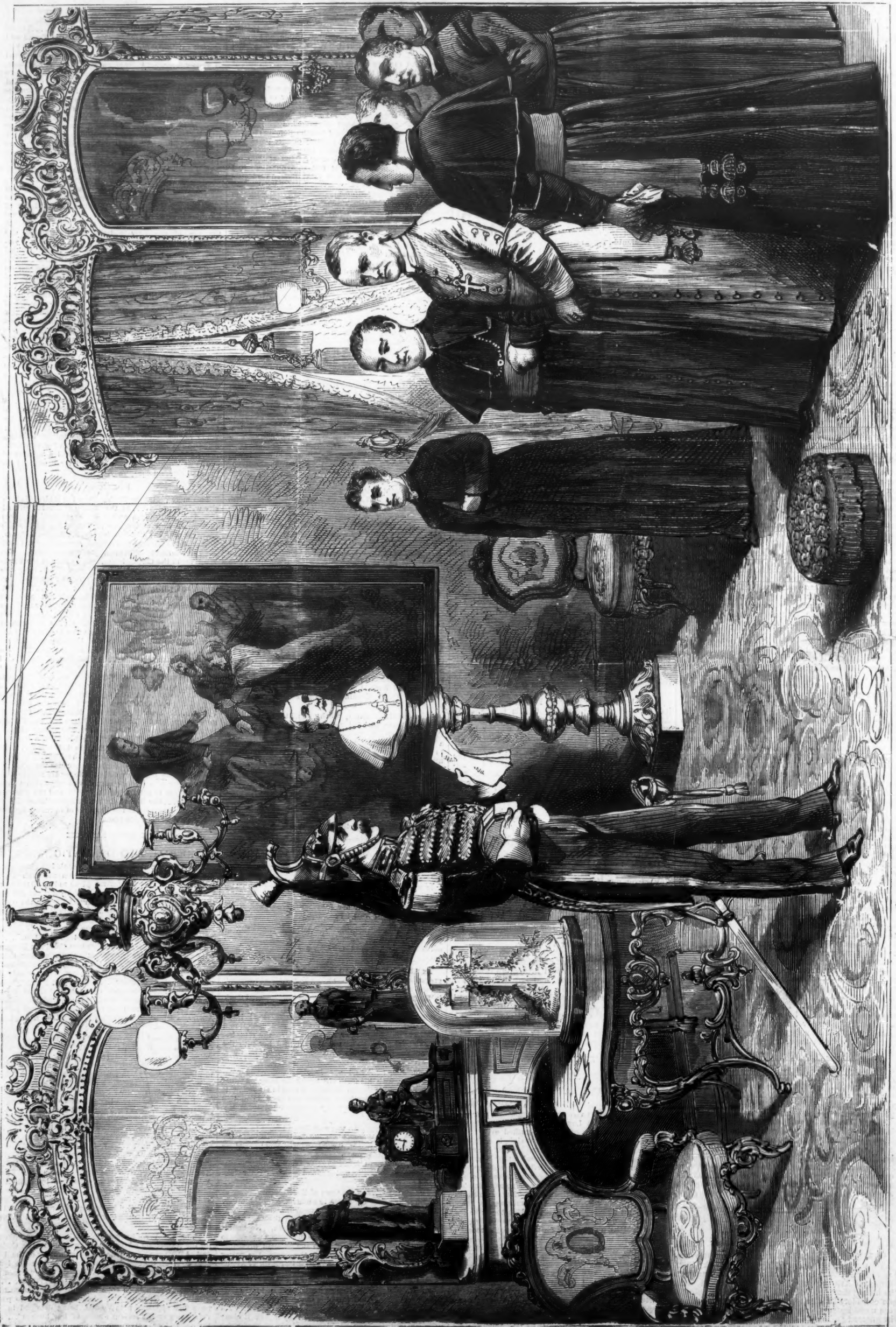
#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Theodore Thomas's last symphony concert was given at Steinway Hall on the 10th. . . . Husbands who give their wives \$1.50 to buy all the bonnets on Broadway should visit the Fifth Avenue and see the deplorable results of such munificence in the "Big Bonanza." . . . "La Jolie Parfumeuse" is still very popular at the Lyceum, as given by the Almée troupe. . . . The last representation of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," at Wallack's, occurred on the 10th. . . . "Davy Crockett" holds the boards at the Park Theatre, where Frank Mayo's friends gather in crowding numbers. . . . Phineas Fogg, in his "Tour of the World in Eighty Days," at the Bowery, beats Weston and all other travelers together. . . . The grand spectacular play of "Ahmed" is again crowding the Grand Opera House. . . . Marezek produced "L'Ombra" at the Academy, for the first time, on the 9th, with two young American ladies, Miss Hoffman and Miss Randall, as leading singers.

PROVINCIAL.—Lester Wallack began a season at Ford's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 5th, with "Rosenda." . . . Mrs. Elizabeth Halley has been engaged for the Kellogg troupe, and will make her debut in the "Huguenots" in Philadelphia, shortly. . . . The season of English Opera, announced for March 22d, at Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, was postponed to April 5th, on account of the sickness of Miss Kellogg, and the death of Mrs. Van Zandt's sister. . . . The "Gilded Age," with John T. Raymond as Colonel Sellers, is running at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia. . . . "Giroffé-Giroffé" was produced at the Academy, Baltimore, on the 6th. . . . Mr. J. L. Toole was at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, last week, appearing in "Off the Line," "Old Friends" and the "Artful Dodger." . . . Mrs. Rousby appeared at the Globe, Boston, in "Twixt Ax and Crown" last week, supported by Miss Kate Week as Queen Mary, George H. Clarke, as Courtenay, and C. F. Tyffe as the Spanish Envoy. . . . The Solene troupe presented "Mme. Angot's Daughter" at the St. Charles, New Orleans, and had in rehearsal "Mme. L'Archduc."

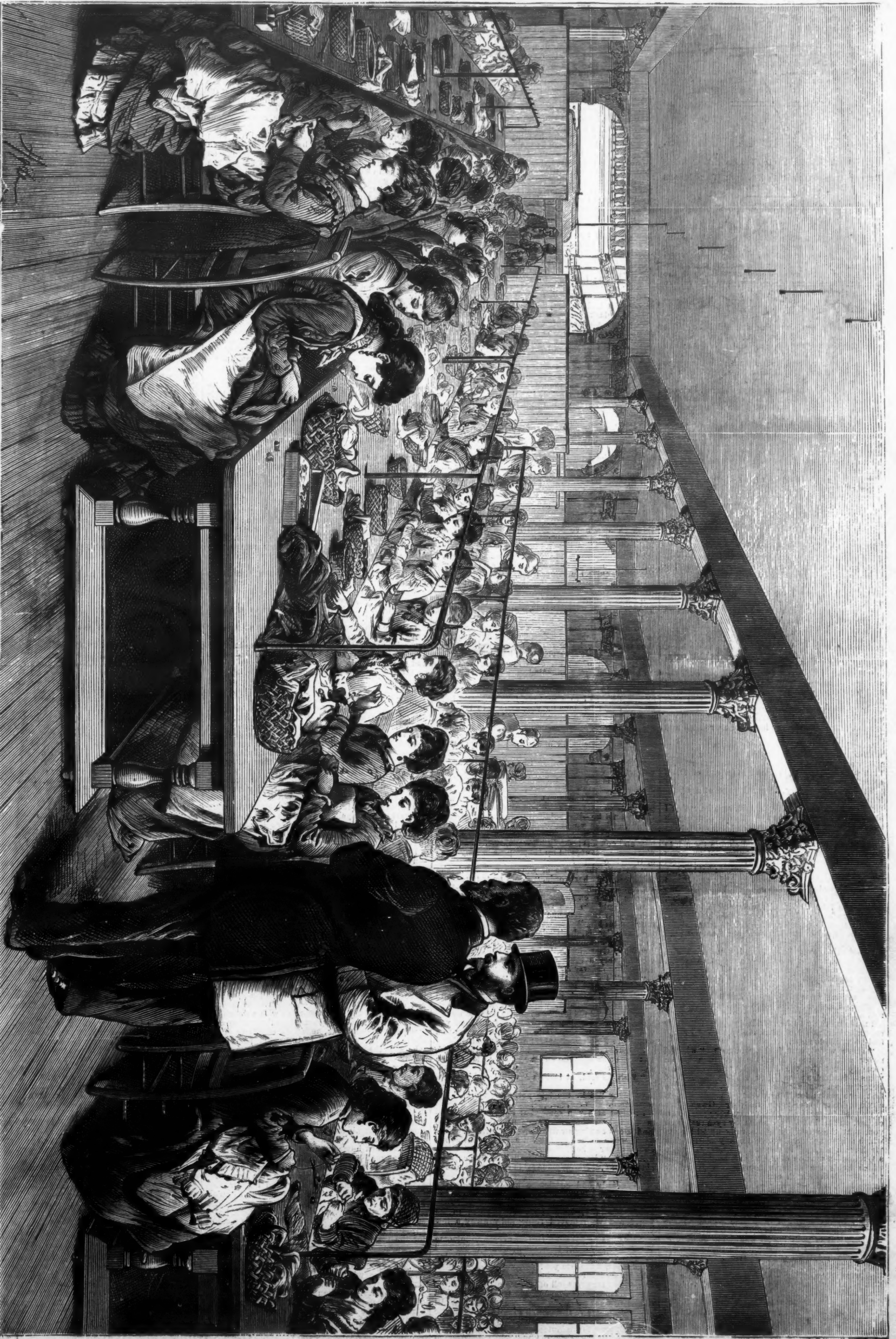
FOREIGN.—Verdi has completed his funeral symphony for the translation of Donizetti's remains to the Cathedral of Bergamo. . . . The youngest brother of the late pianist, L. M. Gottschalk, made his debut on the lyric stage, at Cremona, Italy. . . . Goldsmith's "Queen of Sheba" has met with much success in Vienna. . . . Madame Nilsson is to appear in opera in London this month. . . . Madame Patti has been obliged to postpone her appearance in Vienna, being detained in St. Petersburg by the serious illness of her husband. . . . Strauss's four-act opera-bouffe, "Cagliostro," was produced in Vienna, and was received with great favor.





NEW YORK CITY.—COUNT MAREFOSCHI, OF THE GUARDIA NOBILE IN THE SERVICE OF THE POPE, ANNOUNCING OFFICIALLY TO ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY HIS ELEVATION TO THE RANK OF CARDINAL OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH. SEE PAGE 277.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE SEWING-ROOM AT A. T. STEWART'S, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH STREETS, BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE.—See Page 107.



## WHAT PROVOKES POETS TO WRATH.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IF wrath embitter the sweet mouth of song,  
And make the sunlight fire before those eyes  
That would drink draughts of peace from the  
unstained skies,  
The wrongdoing is not ours, but ours the wrong,  
Who hear too loud on earth and see too long  
The grief that dies not with the groan that dies,  
Till the strong bitterness of pity cries  
Within us, that our anger should be strong.

THE

## Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARSH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

LADY CECILIA and I were both sitting on the yew-tree terrace about noon the next day. The wind had lulled, and, although the sky looked dark and stormy, the air was hot, and only an occasional whispering through the thick dark foliage of the ancient trees, stirring Lady Cecilia's black-lace mantilla, and the black ribbons of my white dress, served to relieve it from absolute stillness.

We were both reading—that is, both trying to read—but, as I could not fail to observe a certain suppressed feverish restlessness in Lady Cecilia's manner, which the languor of mine, from the effects of the accident and deep depression of spirits, served to make more noticeable, I felt fully aware that her attempt at perusal of the pages of a scientific review was as futile as mine of the pages of one of Lever's gayest novels, which I held in my hand.

At length, after turning over the pages, I closed it, with a weary sigh, and, looking up, I saw that Lady Cecilia had also thrown her volume aside. Our eyes met, and she smiled sadly.

"The book of our life often holds rarer, stranger histories than we can ever learn through the medium of the printer's type," she said.

"Yes," I returned, with a sigh, "but they are histories the re-perusal of which seldom repays in either wisdom or pleasure."

"It may repay in wisdom, the drear wisdom of knowledge and experience, the bitter fennel-wreath that crowns the 'goblet of life,' as your favorite poet has it," Lady Cecilia rejoined—"the bitter fennel-wreath which

Gave new strength and fearless mood;  
And he who battled and subdued  
A wreath of fennel wore."

All who have striven and survived that deadly contest may have that conqueror's wreath, marking them as apart from their fellow-creatures."

Her sombre tone and rigid attitude kept me silent, and she went on in the low monotonous voice of enforced calmness:

"Gwendoline, do you know I have drunk that cup to the bitterest of its bitter dregs; I have fought that weary battle of life until I was fain to creep out of it, maimed and wounded and crushed, body and soul, into the closed shelter to die—to die here, alone, friendless, desolate, old, gray-haired, ugly, but at least in peace and undisturbed?"

"Dear Lady Cecilia," I said, tremulous with the venture, though I wept tears of pity, "surely I said truly that those dark woful life-histories only awoke buried sorrows from their grave, and that their pages, once closed, ought to be opened no more. I have heard something of your history; it is enough that I know you have been wronged and broken-hearted."

"Something!" she repeated, not angrily, but with a cold, quiet despair that made me shiver. "It would take many of the slanderous rumors that are my portion to make even one of these somethings."

She looked with dry, haggard gaze at my pale face and tear-wet eyes.

"You need not fear," she said, quietly, "that I shall inflict the recital of any of the dark pages you spoke of upon you. They are closed for ever, save when some evil spirit gets possession of them, and brings them before my eyes, and shouts them into my ears. When you spoke of buried sorrows, you forgot that buried sorrows have ghosts—restless ghosts, which the deepest grave cannot hold. They get out and walk—walk—walk around you day and night. I wonder can one escape them under the coffin-lid?" She raised her eyes suddenly to mine, and broke into a short, fierce, half-audible laugh. "You may be thinking that that would be the best and quietest place for me—and you are right. Don't be afraid of me, Gwendoline; I am not mad now."

"I should never have feared you for such a cause, now or at any time!" I exclaimed, earnestly. "You mistake," she returned, deliberately. "You might have feared once. Do not fear. I say again that in the past also, the long-since past—as long since as my youth and happiness and beauty. I had all three once—and all three were murdered together!"

I made no reply to her terrible words, but drew nearer to her, and looked all the sympathy I could find no words to utter.

"There were years," she went on, "when I never willingly looked on the face of a human creature—not even the face of my two trusted servants—Maddalena and her step-brother, Juan Perez, whom you saw here yesterday. I think the first face which for fifteen years I really felt an anxious desire to see again was yours, Gwendoline Wymond—to see again, to know, because I perceived, on the first day on which my eyes rested on you, that the sensation had sprung up within me which is ignorantly and conventionally described as 'feeling an interest' in you, which I term magnetic attraction—a portion of the mighty magnetic force which holds the universe together—and, feeling this, I made research concerning your past and future fate, and, obtaining extraneous information in many ways—many ways, Gwendoline—until I learned all the salient points in your life-history—yes, even to the day and hour of your birth—I perceived, to my surprise, that mine would be the hand which should be held out to you at a grave turning-point of your life; I was the appointed instrument to stand in your path to turn you aside from a crooked, dark path of error into a straight one; yes, the one appointed under heaven—under the providence of the God I believe in as well as you. I am no pagan or infidel: nothing created could make me one."

"That was why you came to see me and—"

I stopped confusedly, as I recalled the particulars of that interview.

"Yes, I came to see you," she said, a bitter smile on her pallid lips, "ignorantly, not dreaming that I was to have a renewed, rejuvenated vision

of the curse of my existence at the same time. Though I felt certain you harbored that woman—Laura Egerton—in innocence of her real nature, I had no desire to proceed further than I did that day when I was betrayed into violent excitement and raging anger at the sight of the likeness of the fair Judas face I abhorred. I knew little of you then, and cared less; your defense of her increased my displeasure against you. I resolved to trouble my head no more about you; after months of labor I flung every thought, intent, and calculation with which you were concerned to the winds. You look surprised; you little think what labor those occult achievements cost, what sleepless hours, what aching eyes, what weary brains. And when the misfortune which she brought on you overtook you I felt almost glad of it. I saw you, Gwendoline, sitting on your door-step, crying with the trouble and sorrow she had brought you; I saw you that night, and—remembered one night in my life when I sat on the door-step of my ruined home—ruined, blighted, blasted for evermore by that woman's mother."

She stopped; her quivering hands went to her panting, heaving bosom and throat, and convulsively snatched open the close silken neckband as if she were suffocating.

"But," she went on, after a pause, "when the sorrow of your life, with which she was unconnected, came upon you—when you mourned the death of the young lover you loved so well—ah, I could tell how well you loved him, *cara*—that fair-haired, blue-eyed, smiling young lover!—I pitied you—I pitied you! I began to think how I could befriend you; I began to study, to ascertain, if possible, if better, if happier days were in store for you, or if the sun of your life had set for ever, and I saw that it had not. It had not set, Gwendoline, in spite of dark omens, of ominous conjunctions of malevolent powers—of sadness, weeping tears, death, parting; there was a distant bright augury still. I pitied you in sickness and threatened poverty; and, although I did not wish to meet you, or those women friends of yours who were around you, I was cognizant of how things went with you, and would have alleviated your sorrows had I been able, but I could not then."

"But you did!" I cried, impulsively. "I know now—I ought to have known before. You sent me a hundred pounds!"

"Well," she said, calmly, "what if I did? A hundred pounds was not a very large gift, and I am rich, and have little use for half my income."

"It was sent from London?"

"Yes," she admitted, smiling; "my good Perez managed that for me, as he has managed other and far more difficult commissions."

"I wish I had known," I said.

"That you might have rejected the gift?" she inquired, gravely.

"No," said I, thoughtfully—"not, at least, if you had given it to me from your own hand. I think I should have accepted it with thanks from you. Dear Lady Cecilia, let me thank you now; your kindness gave me all the alleviation that the world could give me in my sorrow, when you gave me time to weep, although they said that my brooding quiet life injured me. Yet—oh, it was such a merciful consolation that I had not to go back to Wymondstowe."

"I knew that," she said, gently. (And what I have recorded was all that I ever learnt of the story of Lady Cecilia Murray's sorrowful life-history from her own lips—all that I ever suffered another to repeat to me. That it was a life-history with darker pages than falls to the lot of many, I could well believe, if only half the vague rumors I had heard during the first year of my life at Grayfriars were true.)

"I knew that," she repeated, sighing, after a long pause; "I knew that in averting from you the misery of being forced back amongst uncongenial companions, and to a meagre, joyless home, I did all that could be done for you, except to take the cause of your tears away."

I looked up, a little puzzled by her words, and saw that her eyes were filled with a strange, soft brightness, the shadow of a wistful smile quivering about her lips.

"How could that be done?" I asked, with an impatient movement, whilst before my eyes there rose, and in my ears there sounded, the words of Walter Hesketh's letter—"I cannot give you longer than the eleventh; our marriage must take place on the eleventh"—the day after to-morrow. It could not be—it should not be. Surely, as Lady Cecilia said, he would not enforce the fulfillment of my promise in disregard of my health, spirits, feelings and comfort; surely he would not. And yet, when did he ever yield up his purpose for any tears or trouble of mine?

"To take the cause of your tears away," she said, repeating her words, "would be to take away your grief, to restore you to that which you have lost, to give you back the hope that was quenched—would it not?—to give you one sight of the living face of your beloved, one pressure of his hand, one touch of his lips?"

"Lady Cecilia, don't—don't! Why do you speak so to me of him now?"

"Why, Gwendoline," she said, coldly, "is his very memory a thing to be shunned because you are going to marry another man?"

"Yes," I answered violently, "a thing to be dreaded!"

She did not speak rebukingly; she put her hand on my shoulder, and, whilst that same bright, kindly smile came into her eyes, she said, softly:

"Poor Gwendoline, you were weak when you yielded against every instinct of your nature to a wooing to which your heart never responded."

I made no reply, as I sat with averted head, gazing dejectedly down the long vista of the shaded terrace.

"Well," I said, at last—a "well" of bitter endurance.

"It may not be too late yet, *amiga mía*," she whispered.

I looked at her in somewhat indignant astonishment, and at the same moment caught sight of Maddalena coming swiftly along the terrace, with a small white object on the little curious-fashioned ebony salver in her hand.

A card—"Mr. Walter Hesketh" in fine copper-plate below, "Miss Wymond" in thin pencil-scrrawl above.

"The lady and gentleman are waiting in the library to see you, madame," she said to me, and in a lower tone she said to her mistress, "And Juan Perez, my lady, waits in my sitting-room to see you," and then moved respectfully away a few yards.

"My aunt and Walter Hesketh come to take me home!" I said, rising to my feet, whilst I shook all over in violent excitement. "Does your ladyship think it is not too late yet?"

She did not resent the bitter mockery in my tones; her face was full of anxiety and distress.

"They must not take you home to-day—they shall not! I will not permit it. You are my guest, and I will not suffer it," she said, hurriedly; "I will see them. Maddalena, take Juan to my *salon* and let him wait for a few minutes."

He, leaning against the mantelpiece, his face pale, deadly pale, fixed, stern, resolute, his eyes

watchful and glittering; she, sitting bolt upright on a high chair, her hands in a pair of brown kid-gloves two sizes too large, tightly clutching an old fringed brown parasol, wearing her "second-best" bonnet and best alpaca dress, her eyes taking keen survey of everything around—thus Walter Hesketh and my aunt Sophia appeared when Lady Cecilia and I entered the library, and I introduced my friends to her.

Walter greeted me with a rather demonstrative, lover-like demeanor, foreign to his usual faultlessly delicate and well-bred manner, and my aunt Sophia, with demonstrations of anxiety about my health extremely foreign to her usual bearing towards me, began to question me about the accident, and lament that it had not occurred nearer Ogglewhite, so that I might have come straight home.

"For, indeed, my dear," she said, with a prim smile, "Mr. Hesketh has been worrying himself and us pretty nearly crazy all day yesterday on your account, and, besides, you must have given her ladyship some alarm and trouble."

"She gave me neither, Miss Wymond," put in Lady Cecilia, briefly.

"Your ladyship is very kind," said my aunt, whom I hardly recognized in this polite and gracious mood—she was not wont to be very affable to titles and dignities, and cherished, I knew, a strong belief that Lady Cecilia Murray was "something of a Pagan Papist," to use her own words—"but sick people are best at home; besides, Gwendoline must be at home to-morrow."

"Indeed, Miss Wymond, may I ask why?" inquired Lady Cecilia, with a coldly polite smile.

"Has she not told your ladyship? Certainly she only knew it since yesterday herself," said my aunt, trying hard to look merry and mischievous, and failing most utterly. "Why, she is to be married the day after to-morrow!"

"She told me that she had received such an intimation," observed Lady Cecilia, turning towards Walter and smiling in an odd manner, "but, of course, unfortunately, it must be postponed for a day or two on account of the accident—Gwendoline is a little shaken and feverish yet."

"Unfortunately, your ladyship, it cannot be postponed," said Walter, his eyes glittering and his lips compressed. "Much as I regret causing Gwendoline any discomfort, it cannot be helped. I leave England on the thirteenth, and must of course take my wife with me."

"Indeed," returned she, looking steadfastly at him; "that is a hurried departure—business requires it to be so, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said, "business requires it;" and then, before the steadfast glow in her deep eyes and the odd flickering sarcastic smile on her lips, Walter's eyes fell, and a dark haughty frown gathered on his smooth pale brow.

"Well, at all events you shall not deprive me of my guest until to-morrow, Mr. Hesketh; that I insist upon," spoke Lady Cecilia, more courteously and pleasantly. "Besides, I hope to have the pleasure of Miss Wymond's and your company to dinner this evening; and Gwendoline will take you over the Abbey gardens. Now I shall leave you to discuss private affairs until luncheon;" and she rose and left the room; but, as she passed me, I caught an impressive glance and a rapid slight gesture whose import of warning, caution, heedfulness, in what I might be about to do and say, was fully conveyed.

But the warning of caution in my speech or promises, although it may have been heeded, was scarcely available. How could it be between Walter Hesketh's invincible authority, influence, and will, and his deep, silent, suppressed, passionate nature which I dreaded to arouse, and my aunt "in shallow acrimony" of cold reproach and taunts?

They both wrought their will, and I yielded, scarcely daring to raise an opposing voice. Only on one point. Walter urged—tenderly, it is true—and with many an expression of regret for the necessity that obliged him, but urged nevertheless that we should leave the Abbey at once, and return to Wymondstowe that very afternoon; but I pleaded so hard that Lady Cecilia should not be offended by this abrupt departure in spite of her expressed wishes, that they consented—at least ceased to press the point, as there was no more opportunity for them to do, as just then the butler announced luncheon, and afterwards—Lady Cecilia herself performing the part of principal *cicerone*—the four hours that elapsed before dinner were nearly all spent in the gardens and grounds, and in exploring the oldest part of the Abbey, now quite uninhabited.

I had never seen Lady Cecilia in such good spirits—not gay, but evidently in a pleasant excited frame of mind—as she smiled brightly and conversed with Walter, who was absent and taciturn, until he became animated and equally courteous, as usual.

Only one rather odd incident occurred, as to the real meaning of which I was not enlightened until long afterwards.

We were returning to the house to dress for dinner, and, passing along the yew-tree terrace, I, leaning on Walter's arm just at that moment, felt him start violently, and pause as it were involuntarily, and, raising my head, I saw that on one of the dark iron scroll-work chairs in the deep shade of the yews the Spaniard Juan Perez was sitting.

Directly he saw us looking at him he drew his large felt hat off his head, and, with a low bow and a most extraordinary contortion of features in his humility, slunk away before us with a slouching, awkward gait, and disappeared at the further end.

"Ah, my poor Perez," he is fond of sitting in the shelter of those trees," Lady Cecilia remarked; "he feels the cold of the English climate so much. I shall have to send him back to Spain next winter. He is a faithful friend and servant of mine, Miss Wymond."

"Indeed, Lady Cecilia!" said my aunt, briskly; "the poor fellow has rheumatism, perhaps—he looked as if he had."

"I believe he does complain of rheumatism," returned Lady Cecilia. "He has just returned from Portugal; but his medical adviser says he cannot live through an English Spring, so I suppose I must send him back home again."

"Dear me!" said my aunt Sophia, opening her eyes wide in astonishment at any one's spending money in such a manner, especially on a servant.

Walter had walked on slowly, and I knew from the expression of his face that he was listening intently.

"I fancied I recognized that man's face, but I suppose I was wrong," he said, addressing me, but speaking in a loud tone; "indeed, I must be wrong, for the man I fancied he was so like was only a foreign spy who annoyed me at one time."

Another odd incident occurred whilst I was dressing. After making all the improvements in my aunt's attire which my means permitted, I was arraying myself in the rich black-lace dress which Lady Cecilia had given me, and she, coming in with her hands filled with splendid dewy scarlet blossoms, gave them to me to place in my hair and in my dress. She carried a small jewel-casket in her hand.

"What ornaments used you to wear at Wymondstowe with a black dinner-dress, Gwendoline?"

"I had a set of plain dull gold—my father sent money once, and I bought them, greatly to my aunt Sophia's disgust at such 'sinful waste when my fellow-creatures were starving,' she said," I replied, smiling.

"Well, here is a set of dull gold ornaments—I wish you to wear them, and not pearls, this evening," Lady Cecilia said, opening the box and handing them to me.

"They were very handsome, and agreed with black gauzy dress and scarlet flowers to perfection; but, as I caught sight of my figure in the long dressing-room mirror, I started and stopped."

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing—not much; do not ask me, Lady Cecilia," I said hurriedly; "only, I have never worn those flowers and ornaments together since—one evening long ago—one evening—the last evening—the last hour—the last minute in which my darling's eyes had rested on me in love and admiration—my bonny, fair young love—thinking his black-haired, sedate Gwendoline the most beautiful and charming of women."

Lady Cecilia drew me gently away.

"Wear them this evening because I ask you," she said, earnestly; "trust me for my reason for that, as well as trust me for everything else that may occur this evening; trust me—have faith in me—promise me, Gwendoline."

And I promised.

In the drawing-room, to my surprise, there were, besides my aunt and Walter, three other guests—the curate, the curate's sister—one of those excellent young women who arrange their hair in tight, unbecoming bands, off their foreheads, and have a curious tendency to red nose-tips—and Mr. Glynn.

For this same excellent young woman my aunt Sophia conceived a gracious liking, on account of her unfashionable gown, and when we returned to the drawing-room entered into close conversation with her concerning farm-laborers' wages, and the extravagance, idleness and general worthlessness of the lower classes.

Lady Cecilia and I were alone at the further end of the room, and a discussion between Miss Mainwaring and Miss Wymond concerning the comparative value of gray homespun and gray duff in their wear and durability was at its height, when Lady Cecilia quitted the room, and motioned to me to follow.

In her own private sitting-room I found her talking to Maddalena in a low, earnest tone.

"Gwendolina *mía*," she said, hurriedly, "I want you to come out with me for a little while. How long has Perez been gone, Maddalena?"

"About half an hour, my lady."

"So long! Take this shawl, Gwendoline, and follow me quickly, *cara*."

She wrapped herself up in a long dark cloak, and hurried out, and I had no resource but to follow, unwillingly—unwillingly, most unwillingly; the sturdy, honest matter-of-factness which formed so large a portion of my nature revolted against the savor of mystery and double-dealing, and, worse than all, the more than suspicion I entertained that Lady Cecilia's occult learning and astrological auguries were at the source of all these mysteries which had begun to surround me in an inexplicable manner.

They had no interest for me; they puzzled, worried and annoyed me. My future was in heaven's hands, and it had unrolled sufficient for me to see. Why should I care to see further? I was to marry Walter Hesketh the day after to-morrow, and I was to leave England with him the day after that; and for all the succeeding days of my life I was to endeavor to be a faithful, obedient wife, and strive to make him happy—and perhaps heaven in its own good time would give me a small measure of happiness, too, when I could forget the past in some sunny hours in a quiet home.

And thus, in a dull reverie, I paced along beside Lady Cecilia, following her without question, through the dank shaded side avenues and wood-paths skirting the park-wall, which she chose instead of the main avenue; and twice she looked back anxiously before we reached Grayfriars Lodge, which it appeared was to be our destination.

Without a word I followed her still, as she unlocked the front door, and I crossed the threshold of the desolate house, and shuddered at the echoing emptiness as the door shut loudly, and our footsteps rang with a hollow sound along the bare, uncarpeted floors.

We went up the stairs, and in the large east window with the wide old-fashioned bench, where I was sitting the first time I ever beheld her, Lady Cecilia and I sat down together.

Then, for the first time, she spoke to me, taking my hand in hers in a feverish, tight clasp.

"Gwendoline—Gwendoline, can you tell why I have brought you here?"

The light of a strange intelligence was in her glowing eyes, her flushed cheeks and the tones of her voice—a strange intelligence, unspoken, unuttered, though trembling on her lips. There were tidings!

Had the wondrous, far-reaching, sympathetic fibres of the inner nature grasped that intelligence, and snatched it into the soul's inner depths, ere it could be conveyed through the cumbrous channels of speech and hearing, ere even the brain had given its testimony and credence?

My heart paused in its wild throbbings, my lips and tongue grew dry. I whispered, hoarsely—"No."

"Because I have something to tell you—a great deal to tell you"—her voice was broken with excitement, her breath came fast like my own—"the time is so short, and I have so much to say."

I gazed at her speechlessly, and afar off through the still evening air came the fierce hurrying shriek of the train, with a roar and a rattle as it rushed through deep cuttings, over bridges, down inclines, past buildings; over waste sea-lands—lasting, panting, sweeping on with each flying moment.

"Gwendoline"—she paused anxiously a moment, and then, as the distant roar and rush of the train reached her ears, it startled her into hasty utterance—"Gwendoline, did you ever suspect that Walter Hesketh had wronged you deeply, cruelly?"

"No, never!" I stood up, trembling.

"He has done so, child; sit down. Do I talk groundless scandal and gossip? He has done so, I tell you. I would tell you it a thousand times—tell him so a thousand times were it necessary! May heaven forgive those who make the world's rough path rougher for bleeding feet to tread! He has wronged you knowingly, wittingly, cruelly, treacherously!"

"How—how? Heaven help me! Can I not even trust in his truth and honor? Have I not one on all the earth to love me?"

"You cannot trust in his truth and honor," she said, pitilessly. "He loves you as well as it is possible for him to love—a fiery, self-contained, selfish, merciless nature; but he has trodden his honor in the mire on your account—he has been treacherous, a liar and deceiver. Gwendoline, it had been well for him and for you had you trusted him less fully. The instinct of your nature which warned you against Walter Hesketh from the first



hour you saw him should not have been disregarded. A covetous, selfish, powerful nature, strong in good as in evil, strong of purpose, strong of will, brooking no balking of the thing which he has once desired to possess, be it what it may—that is Walter Hesketh. And Walter Hesketh coveted you, although you were the affianced wife of the friend who loved and trusted him, and he resolved to obtain that which he wished for as soon as fate or fortune gave him a chance. He got the chance, Gwendoline, and the day after to-morrow would crown his deep-laid scheme, his policy, his patient waiting, his foul treachery!"

"Treachery! Treachery to whom? Lady Cecilia, in mercy, tell me!"

"Treachery to you and George Allan."

(To be continued.)

#### AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

##### THE TRENTON FIRE-BRICK AND TERRA COTTA WORKS.

**TERRA COTTA**, the literal meaning of which is baked earth, is the appropriate title of a material known and used centuries ago, but the manufacture and extensive use of which in this country is a thing of the present generation. It has rapidly assumed an important position among the industries of our country, and its use is daily increasing. It possesses qualities of cheapness, durability and adaptability that have made it an efficient agent in adding grace to the architecture of our public buildings and homes, beautifying our parks and gardens, and improving the sanitary condition of our towns and cities. Ornamental chimney-tops, made of terra cotta, are fast supplanting the unsightly brick chimneys of the olden time. Beautiful urns, vases, etc., made of this material, adorn our gardens, and the terra cotta pipes are the cheapest and best for securing proper drainage and sewerage.

The increasing interest taken in everything relating to sanitary matters has directed the attention of many eminent social scientists to the important subject of drainage and sewerage, and the reports and statistics on this subject are worthy of careful consideration. In a report recently made to the British House of Commons, by the Board of Health, numerous instances were given of the great diminution in the death-rate caused by the introduction of a thorough system of house and street drainage, and the Board estimate that the extension to all towns in England of the modern improvements in sewerage would raise the average age at death from twenty-nine to forty-eight—the former being the death average of the inhabitants of towns in England and Wales. These startling facts are fully corroborated by investigations in Prussia and other European countries. The subject is one of vital importance to our own country, where the hasty building of towns and cities has caused many of the precautions for the preservation of life and health to be sadly neglected.

In this connection the manufacture and use of the best quality of terra cotta pipes and conduits becomes an important matter. Formerly the great drawback to proper sewerage was the expense; but modern improvement, ingenuity and research have not only greatly simplified, but have more than correspondingly cheapened, effective sewerage. Formerly, immense conduits of porous brick-work, in all cases large enough to be entered and cleansed by hand-labor of their accumulated deposits, were considered necessary for the smallest discharge. The consequence of this was that the solid matter contained in the sewerage was deposited by the sluggish flow, frequently causing the entire obstruction of the passage, and the generation of foul gases that had a most injurious effect upon the health. The filthy liquids with which they were filled impregnated the earth near them, and frequently soaked through into the cellars of neighboring houses, which were in consequence rendered extremely unhealthy. But all this has been changed and remedied by the introduction of a less costly, more simple and more effective method of drainage. In many cities where the subject is properly understood, sewers are now constructed of glazed stoneware, or terra cotta pipe. Their superiority has been fully established wherever tried. The smooth glazed inner surface of the stoneware pipe presents no obstructions to cause any accumulation of solid matter, and a swift run of water constantly carries off everything that enters it. It has been found by experiment that where the inclination was almost imperceptible, heavy silt is never deposited, and the waste matters of houses and street drainage are carried swiftly to the outlet, instead of remaining, as they frequently do in the old-fashioned sluggish sewers, to ferment and poison the atmosphere of the streets through which they pass. In rare cases where obstructions do occur, the pipes are very readily cleansed by flushing, at a tithe of the cost of hand-work constantly required in brick sewers. In the work of house drainage, which is the crowning point of a system of sewers, the terra cotta pipes are the best known agents. They cost but a fraction over one-third of the price of iron pipe, are more durable, perform the work more effectually and need no repairs. There are many other uses to which this valuable material is adapted, one of the most important of which is the construction of chimney-flues, thereby insuring safety and durability.

We present sketches of one of the largest manufacturing establishments of the kind in America. It is the Trenton Fire-brick and Terra Cotta Works of Messrs. O. O. Bowman & Co. The works are situated a short distance from the centre of the capital city of New Jersey, on the New Jersey division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; also on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, from which ships run into the yard, thus giving unsurpassed facilities for transporting goods to all sections of the country. Here are manufactured every description of blast-furnace and rolling-mill fire-brick, drain and sewer-pipes, terra cotta chimney-tops, chimney-flues, garden-vases, statuary, etc. The firm also deals extensively in ground materials, such as fire-clay, fire-mortar, fire-sand and kaolin. The fire-clay is selected from the best clay-beds in New Jersey, which contain the best fire-kaolin ever discovered in this country. The finer clays come from the celebrated Amboy and Woodbridge clay-banks.

The manufacture of these goods requires powerful machinery, immense kilns, skilled workmanship and artistic taste. A visit to the works is full of interest, and the visitor can witness all the processes of manufacture from the time the virgin clay enters the immense kneading-mill until the perfected articles are ready for the salesroom. The clay is thoroughly mixed and kneaded in an immense iron mill worked by steam; it is then forced out of an aperture in the bottom of the machine, and comes out on the smooth floor like a long winding serpent. It is then cut into lumps resembling huge loaves of black bread. This operation is repeated until all foreign matter is removed and the clay is in proper order for working up into the shape desired. We give views of two of the powerful presses used for molding the pipes. The upright one is used for making the largest-sized pipes. It is fed from the top with the prepared clay, and a heavy pressure

forces the clay through the mold, and it comes out upon the platform beneath perfect in shape and looking like a huge section of india-rubber tubing. The platform, at the commencement of the operation, presses closely against the bottom of the machine, being held there by weights and tackle running over pulleys. As the tube is forced out from the press the platform slowly descends to the floor—the distance between the floor and bottom of the press being the length required—the sections are cut off, and then carried on a truck to another department, where they receive some finishing touches. The horizontal press shown in our sketch is for the manufacture of the smaller sizes of pipes. For the purpose of being fed, it is raised upon end by machinery, and then lowered into the position shown in the sketch. As the pipe comes from the mold it is caught upon a wooden trough and cut into proper lengths. These pipes then go through the same process as the larger ones. The beautiful garden furniture, statuary and architectural ornaments are made in carefully prepared molds. After all the articles have attained their proper form and finish they are taken to the drying-room, where they are subjected to a heat varying from 110 to 180 degrees. Here they remain until they become thoroughly dried. After being dipped in a solution of soluble glaze, they are placed in the immense kilns. The doors of the kilns are then securely walled up, the fires built and kept up until the process is completed, when the articles come out, of the consistence of the hardest stone. The pipes, flues and other useful articles are then fit for use, but most of the ornamental articles require the brush of the artist to complete them. About ten days are required for filling, burning, cooling and emptying the kilns.

#### THE LADY WASHINGTON RECEPTION AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

**THE** Lady Washington Reception, held at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, April 6th, was an elegant and enjoyable affair. The entertainment was varied, and combined the attractions of a ball with other pleasing features. At ten o'clock the house was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, many wearing the picturesque costume of our Revolutionary era. Elegant modern toilets were, however, plentiful, and many of the tasteful uniforms of our citizen soldiery were to be seen in the throng. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a tableau representing Huntington's "Republican Court." This was presented a few minutes past ten, the Veterans of 1812 and other distinguished guests who had places of honor on either side of the platform standing during the same. This tableau, with its rich and varied antique costumes, was a very impressive one, and Mr. Wyman who, in a dark blue velvet suit, with ruffled shirt-front, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, represented Washington, made a conspicuous central figure, his tall form looming high above the rest. Near his side was the great-grandniece of Mrs. Washington, wearing the jewels of her great-great-grandmother, and with her long train touching this one was the great-grandniece of Washington himself, her handsome brocade dress being elaborately embroidered and in part covered with rich point-appliqué lace. Also noticeable was the yellow silk gown which counts its age by one hundred and twenty years, and warranted to have been worn by Mrs. Burr. This spectacle was evidently enjoyed, as the curtain rose three times at the call of the audience to exhibit it, the band playing "My Country, 'tis of Thee." To Mrs. Le Duc and Mrs. Jno. D. Townsend is credit due for its admirable grouping.

After the tableau preparations were made for a tea party, supposed to represent a social gathering on the lawn of Mount Vernon in the olden time. While these were in progress the audience promenaded and enjoyed the music of Grafulla's band. Upon the raising of the curtain a very pretty scene was presented. The stage was tastefully set, and tea was dispensed from thirteen tables representing the thirteen original States.

The tables were presided over by thirteen prominent ladies, each having twelve assistants. Mrs. Oscar Tibbals represented New Hampshire; Mrs. Dr. A. E. McDonald, Massachusetts; Mrs. Thomas E. Brown, New York; Miss Kirtland, Connecticut; Mrs. D. A. Albro, Rhode Island; Mrs. Lewis, Pennsylvania; Mrs. W. H. Wiley, New Jersey; Mrs. George Brown, Delaware; Mrs. W. A. Conklin, Maryland; Mrs. Dr. R. T. Weir, Virginia; Miss Newcomb, North Carolina; Mrs. P. C. Talman, South Carolina; and Mrs. Charles C. Leeds, Georgia.

Some of the antique costumes worn by these ladies were very elegant.

The teacups and saucers, which were made expressly for the occasion, and which bore a shield, on either side of which were the letters G. W. & M. W., sold for \$2 per set.

At eleven o'clock the floor was taken possession of by the dancers, and the ball, which was the great feature of the evening, commenced.

The entertainment was for the benefit of St. John's Guild, and we are happy to hear that the receipts will materially assist the treasury of that worthy charity. It is a gratifying fact that the pleasures of the favorites of fortune and giddy butterflies of fashion who crowded the brilliant ballroom will be the means of bringing aid and comfort to many an unfortunate brother and sister.

#### THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

##### HENRY WARD BEECHER STILL ON THE STAND.

**THE** fourteenth week of the great trial proved to be full of interest. The examination of Mr. Beecher occupied the entire week, and he gave his version of the case in such a manner as to strengthen the belief of his innocence in the minds of his friends, and to shake the belief of many who previously considered him guilty. The examination, which was conducted by Mr. Everts, was quite exhaustive, and touched upon all the points that have been presented by the prosecution. Mr. Beecher was very slow and deliberate in his answers, but never appeared at a loss for the proper word to use, and some of his sentences showed his wonderful command of language. His denials of many of the confessions, expressions and actions attributed to him by witnesses for the plaintiff were given in the strongest and most emphatic manner, and some of his descriptions of scenes, and his explanations of his letters and feelings, were extremely forcible and vivid.

His dramatic manner, at times, caused applause from his friends, which called forth a rebuke from the Court, and caused the expulsion of several of the offenders by the officers of the court.

On Friday, April 9th, Mr. Beecher was in the witness chair at the opening of the court, prepared to continue his testimony, but owing to the absence of Mr. Beach, the senior counsel for the plaintiff, the court adjourned until Monday. The cross examination of the witness is looked forward to with great

interest; in fact, it is believed by many that the result of the trial will depend upon the manner in which Mr. Beecher passes through the rigid questioning he will no doubt be subjected to by the plaintiff's counsel.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**THE** SALTS OF VANADIUM are attracting considerable attention as photographic agents. M. J. Gibbons stated to the Académie des Sciences, at a recent meeting, that paper steeped in a solution of a salt of vanadium gave a good image developed under the influence of some of the salts of uranium.

**IN THE COAL-SHALE AT WEIKON**, according to a Swiss paper, a series of pointed fire-poles covered with wicker-work have been found. These are referred to as being the most ancient evidences yet known of the existence of man, and belonging to the period intervening between the two Glacial epochs. We know not upon what evidence this hypothesis is framed.

**MM. A. RICHE and C. BARDY** recommend the flame of sulphur burning in a jet of oxygen as the most efficacious artificial light which can be employed for photographic purposes. Mr. Spiller, President of the London Photographic Society, recommends the light produced by dropping small pieces of sulphur into fused saltpetre.

**IT IS PROPOSED**—in fact steps have been taken—to acclimatize the Florida Cedar in Bavaria. The superiority of the wood of this tree (*Funeris Virginiana*) over all other kinds of cedar is well known, and the demand for the wood in Bavaria, where immense quantities of lead-pencils are made, has induced manufacturers to take up the question of acclimatization of the tree in that country. Seeds have been sown in the royal forest, and about 5,000 young plants have been grown on one private estate; the cultivation of the tree is also being attempted in other parts of Germany.

**THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY** has issued a circular directing the use of slaked lime for the preservation of those portions of the framework of iron vessels which are constantly exposed to the action of sea-water. The circular states that experiments have shown that the destructive effects of bilge-water on the iron frames of such vessels may be reduced or altogether obviated by the application of lime, which should be placed in the water contained in such compartments, bilges and wings as cannot be dried out sufficiently to allow of the application of preservative paint, composition, or cement.

**THE LIVERPOOL "Victory" Printing Machine Company** has achieved a most signal triumph in engineering skill. It has invented a machine which can turn out of hand, ready for the reader's use, no fewer than six thousand copies per hour of a work containing in all twenty-four pages of printed matter pasted and bound together, without the aid of the manipulative art of folding, stitching and binding. The machine in question has been made to the order of an American firm, and measures but twenty-seven feet in length. The operation of "feeding" is entirely dispensed with; the machine regulates its own supply, and in very little more than a second a sheet of clean paper passes in at one end, and comes out at the other in the form of a well-cut and solidly-bound book.

**DR. VON MICHELHO MACLAY**, the Russian traveler, has recently returned to Singapore from a journey into the interior of Tabora. The object of his expedition was to gather information about wild and almost unknown races inhabiting the Tabore jungles. These tribes are named Jakuna, Oran Rajat, and Oran Utan. As these races always withdraw deeper into the interior, seeking shelter in the forests, and mountains on the approach of strangers, Dr. MacLAY had to extend his explorations into places never yet visited by Europeans, and rarely even visited by Malays. His travels occupied fifty days, proceeding sometimes by boat, but performing the greater part of the journey on foot. Dr. MacLAY has, it is stated, succeeded in obtaining much valuable information regarding the habits and dispositions of these unknown tribes.

**THE MINES OF LAURUM**, in Greece, which were worked about 1,600 years ago, are, in a great measure, composed of scoria, or the refuse of ancient mines, and still yields a high percentage of silver. In clearing away a mass of this refuse, a quantity of seeds was discovered, which must have been buried for at least fifteen centuries. Restored to conditions favorable for germination, to the heat of the sun and contact with the air, the seeds gave signs of life, burst their buds, sent down roots into the earth, and threw up stems into the light. When the last had budded and blossomed, lo! a lost species of the genus *Glancium* (horned poppy) of the order *Papaveracea* was revealed. Pliny and Dioscorides frequently describe the flower in their writings with very great particularity, as its golden corolla is very beautiful; but it has hitherto been unknown to modern science. Now, the plant which had disappeared from the face of the globe for 1,500 years or more, is resuscitated by a strange and happy accident.

**THE DISCOVERY OF NEW MEDICINAL PRODUCTS** appear to be on the increase just now. Within the space of a few months we have heard of the extraordinary tonic effects of Boldo (*Boldoa fragrans*), which, however, seems destined to pass into oblivion. This was succeeded by Jaborandi, which is still occupying the attention of the medical profession, and which, unlike Boldo, is being reported upon very favorably. Two bales of another new product, under the name of Carnauba Root, are reported to have recently arrived at Liverpool. It is the root of the Brazilian Wax Palm (*Copernicia cerifera*), and is described as an excellent medicine for purifying the blood; equal, indeed, to sarsaparilla. It is a question, however, whether the latter has any real medicinal properties. The Carnauba Root as imported is said to be in pieces several feet in length, of an average thickness of three-eighths of an inch, of a mixed grayish and reddish brown color, giving off here and there small roots. The cost is said to be not more than half that of sarsaparilla.

**A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE MEANS** of detecting a fire and its precise locality, immediately upon its outbreak, has been devised by Mr. John Lewthwaite, the operation of which depends upon the destruction of cohesion in certain substances when exposed to temperatures higher than those met with in houses and factories under ordinary circumstances. The apparatus consists of a short strip of yielding material—gutta-percha being the substance used—which is held at each end by a wire placed along the ceiling line in any apartment. One end of the wire is fixed, while the other is led to an alarm-bell, which may be placed anywhere within hearing. The alarm works either by means of a falling weight or by clock-work, the wire in either case being held taut, so that the alarm cannot go off. This is the normal condition of the apparatus; but directly the gutta-percha becomes softened by heat—which it does at 110 degrees Fahrenheit—it rapidly elongates, releases the weight or train of clock-work, starts the alarm, and indicates danger. This apparatus can be fitted in any number of rooms, and connected to the same alarm, and no matter in which room the fire broke out it would be notified directly the temperature reached 110 degrees. Moreover, the room in which the fire occurred would also at the same time be notified by an indicator attached to the alarm, so that no time would be lost in searching for the seat of the fire. The same principle could be carried out in ships, where its adoption might possibly prove more valuable than on land, the indicator being fixed in the captain's cabin. It is also arranged to be fitted in connection with an electric battery.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**CARL SCHURK** sails on the 1st of May for Europe, with his family.

**GENERAL GRANT** has purchased a \$40,000 stock-farm in Maryland.

**QUEEN VICTORIA** will be fifty-six years old on the 24th of May next.

**GENERAL McCLELLAN** has been most cordially received by the Khédive.

**RICHARD GIBBS**, of New York, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Féré.

**THE** Rev. Dr. Bushnell is said to be dying with consumption at Hartford, Conn.

**DR. E. H. CAPEN**, the new President of Tufts College, will be installed early in June.

**THE** Prince of Wales proposes visiting India during the Summer, accompanied by Sir Bartle Frere.

**GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN** of South Carolina will deliver the oration at the next commencement of Yale College.

**GOVERNOR LESLIE** of Kentucky will enter the campaign for the United States Senate with the Hon. James B. Beck.

It is said that John Mitchel died in the house in which he was born, and the room in which both of his parents died.

**CHARLES W. JONES** of Florida, although but a short time in Washington, won the plume of the Senatorial oyster fiend.

**HENRI VIEUXTEMPS**, the pianist, has received the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor from President MacMahon.

**GENERAL SICKLES** gave his baby a \$3,000 christening in Paris. He can afford it, since he has been restored to the regular army list.

**BISHOP ODENSEHIMER** of New Jersey, whose life was almost despaired of, is recovering handsomely, and will soon leave Europe for home.

**POLITICIANS** are anxiously inquiring what Governor Hendricks meant by engaging a full suite of rooms in Washington for next Winter.

**GENERAL CONCHA** has been officially requested to leave Spain, the Ministry not relishing the charges he preferred against General Jovellar.

**THE** German Emperor keeps a French cook, but has such a slim table set that knowing ones eat furiously just before calling to dine with his majesty.

**CARDINAL MANNING**, in opening the Catholic college at Kensington, Eng., said he believed the Church was approaching a crisis, the most fiery for 300 years.

**EX-CONGRESSMAN PHELPS** was honored by the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans with a public dinner, in recognition of his just reports on Louisiana affairs when in Congress.

**THE** University of Cambridge, England, has two blind professors, Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Macfarren. The latter is known as an eminent composer, and holds the professorship of music.

**KING SOLOMON** in all his glory was not arrayed like the fifty favorite wives of the Shah of Persia will be when bonnets of the latest style are received from Paris at a cost of \$1,000.

**CARDINAL McCLOSKEY** will accompany Mgr. Roncetti, Ubaldo and Count Marefoschi to Boston, and participate in the bestowal of the pallium upon Dr. Williams, the new Bishop, and will probably dedicate the new Cathedral.

**GARIBOLDI** has found an invaluable condutor in the person of Cav. Rom. the Italian archaeologist, who has charge over all the antique excavations in the Roman province, and who has been for many years studying the Campagna.

**THE** late H. L. Bateman regarded his daughter Kate as little less than a divine being, and on one occasion came near killing the captain of an ocean steamship because his pet was exposed to a furious gale.

**A PROPHECY** made in these columns a few weeks ago seems near realization, as a late despatch from Venice announces that the King of Italy has joined the league with Germany, Austria and Russia to prevent the election of an infallible Pope.

**JAMES OTIS KALER**, better known as E. G. Walraven, sailed for Europe with his wife on the morning of the 14th. He will write "Rose Michel," the latest sensation on the Parisian stage, for FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER during his absence.

**THIS** is really more than womanly sympathy and appreciation can submit to. Herr Wagner says the greatest error of his life was the composition of "Lohengrin," just as a sensible fellow will always regret that some friendly boot had not put a full stop to the poetic fever of his youth.

**THE** death is announced of Mrs. Anne O'Reilly, "the oldest Catholic in Cincinnati." She settled in the city in 1815, when there was no church of her faith there established, and going to work earnestly, she formed a congregation that has grown to a membership of 75,000, with forty-five houses of worship.

**HOFMAN**, the distinguished chemist who has received the Farraday medal—the highest honor that England can pay for eminence in his line of study—was once accused, like Faust, with being in league with the devil. It was while he was assisting Liebig, in Hesse, and had made a discovery, the experiments in which necessitated a liberal use of sulphur.

**A CORRESPONDENT** in Rome, in trying to fasten a positive disease upon the Pope, can only get so far as to assert that there are languid symptoms in the adipose matter that give rise to a fear that a slow paralysis is approaching. At the same time it is admitted that every one who sees him in an audience reports him as remarkably rosy, active and cheerful.

**THE** Duke of Edinburgh is noted chiefly for being the son of an honored Queen, a jolly sailor, and—a first-class fiddler. His wife, on the other hand, possesses the most wonderful linguistic accomplishments. At a reception at the court of the Czar some time ago she addressed every foreign Minister, save the Turkish and one other, in his own language, sustaining the burden of the conversation for over an hour and a half.

**BY** the publication of Mr. Schuyler's report it appears that the cause of Russian animosity to him is that he exposed the swindles in which the Czar's officers had been engaged, and dwelt upon the general management of domestic affairs, which secrets have hitherto been locked up in St. Petersburg. He simply narrated the truth, and being fully acquainted with the language and history of Russia, did so in terms too clear and decided.

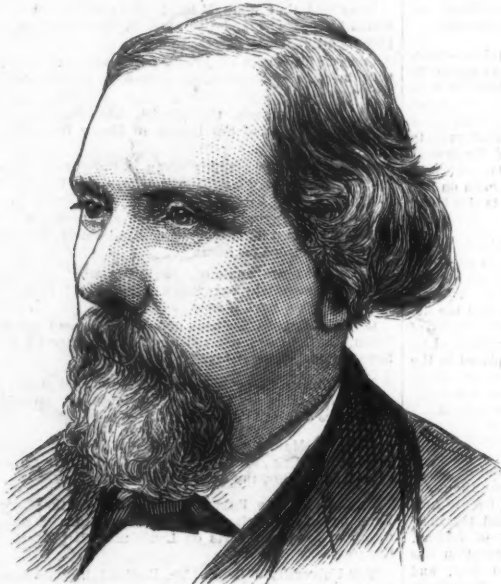
**PROFESSOR WALKER**, whose Socratic death is still the subject of profound interest to scientists and the general public, had passed through a career more than usually romantic. During the war he arrested a noted Confederate scout, who afterwards escaping, met him and thrust a bowie-knife entirely through the professor's body, making a fearful wound in the abdomen. In 1871 he was run over by a truck and horribly mutilated. He was a sufferer in the poisoning excitement at Washington during Buchanan's administration. He had engaged in several kinds of business, had held public offices, and was a Past Grand Master of Masons.



HON. RICHARD U. SHERMAN,  
MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.

**R**ICHARD U. SHERMAN, the member from the First District of Oneida County, is a native of that county. He was born in 1819, educated for a merchant, but on arriving at the age of manhood, adopted journalism as a profession, which he followed till 1851, when he was elected Clerk of the Assembly. He held this place five years, when he was elected a member of the Assembly. He served one year in this capacity and was then nominated for the Senate, but declined. In 1860 he was appointed an Assistant Clerk of the United States House of Representatives. He served ten years, when he voluntarily resigned on account of pressing trust duties at home. In 1867 he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention of this State. In this body he was conspicuous for his efforts to correct the evils of special legislation, which had been brought prominently to his notice during his long public service.

Mr. Sherman has been engaged actively in politics for the last thirty years, and his skill as an organizer has given him much prominence. He commenced political life as a Whig, and when that organization ceased to exist, became a Republican. In 1872 he joined in the revolt of the Liberals, and was the candidate for Con-



HON. R. U. SHERMAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON STATE PRISONS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL.

gress of the Democratic and Liberal alliance in the Oneida District. Since that time he has been identified with the Democratic Party, and was elected on their nomination to the present Assembly. He has held many official trusts in his native county, and is practically familiar with nearly every class of public business. This experience, together with his natural executive ability, makes him a valuable member. He is not a debater, but as a writer is distinguished for terseness, elegance and force. In committee duty, he is one of the most efficient and useful members of the House. He is Chairman of the Committees on Rules and State Prisons, and a member of the Committee on General Laws. His name was prominently mentioned for the Speakership of the present House, for which his fitness was



HON. JAMES MACKIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL.

generally recognized; but as his candidacy seemed to involve an antagonism with the interest of his friend and neighbor, Francis Kernan, who was a candidate for United States Senator, he declined to press a canvass that might, otherwise, have been successful. Mr. Sherman's counsel is much sought by the new members who desire advice and assistance in framing and forwarding their measures. He is genial, approachable and unpretending—qualities which make him warm friends everywhere, and which have given him at home a popularity which no political changes seem to affect. But few members of the present Assembly are endowed with so many of the qualities which are required for a popular, wise and honorable legislator, working for the best interests of all classes of his fellow-citizens.

HON. JAMES MACKIN,  
MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.

**M**R. MACKIN is a native of Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y. He obtained his education at the common schools in that place, and at an early age removed to Fishkill, Dutchess County, N. Y., where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and as a business man was eminently successful. He was appointed Postmaster at Fishkill by President Fillmore, and for ten years was United States Assessor for the Counties of Dutchess and Columbia, was five times elected Supervisor of his town, and one year President of the Board of Supervisors of Dutchess County. He has always secured the confidence and esteem of his townsmen to an unusual degree. In addition to holding the position of Supervisor of his town, he was three years elected as Village Trustee, and two years President of the Board of Justices of Fishkill. For several years past he has been President of the National Bank at Fishkill. He represented his district in the Assembly of 1859, and was again elected by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans in the Fall of 1872, and re-elected in 1873 and 1874, with increased majorities on each occa-

sion. Mr. Mackin is a quiet, earnest and unpretentious practical man, makes little effort at public speaking, but is very influential as a legislator. He is very popular with his fellow-members, always attentive to his duties, and is never found dodging any question or shirking a vote. His influence is always on the side of honest legislation, and he ranks among the best and strongest members of the Assembly. Mr. Mackin is Chairman of the important Committee on Railroads, and is also a member of the Committee on Affairs of Villages, also State Charitable Institutions. He is being strongly pressed by the leading men of his district for the nomination of Senator from the Dutchess and Columbia District for the election next Fall, an office that he is eminently qualified to fill, with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents. He is about sixty years of age.

HON. JOHN C. JACOBS,  
NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.

**S**ENATOR JACOBS represents the Third District of the State of New York in the State Senate, comprising a portion of Kings County. He was born in Lancaster County, Pa., in December, 1838.



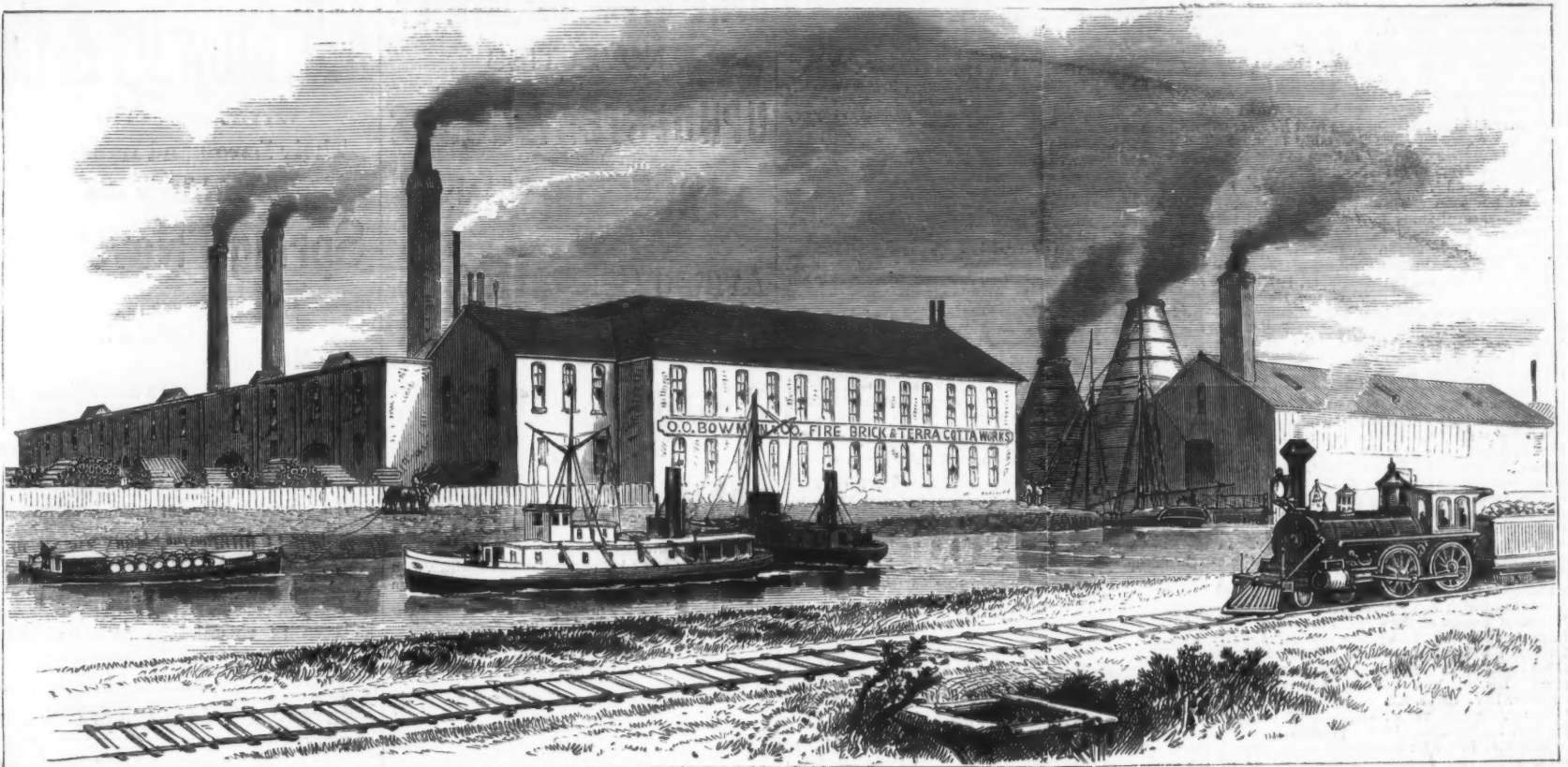
HON. JOHN C. JACOBS, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL.

His ancestors were of old Revolutionary stock, participating with honor in the struggle for American independence. When the present Senator was quite young his parents moved to Brooklyn, L. I., where Mr. Jacobs was educated in the public schools. The family, a few years later, removed to Philadelphia, but, after a year's stay, returned to Brooklyn. From the age of thirteen Mr. Jacobs was compelled to take care of himself, and commenced life as a messenger-boy in a lawyer's office, subsequently entering the New York printing establishment of John A. Gray & Co. Here he developed a taste for newspaper business, and at the age of eighteen we find him a reporter on the New York Express, in which position he exhibited great aptitude, ability and unflagging industry, and was

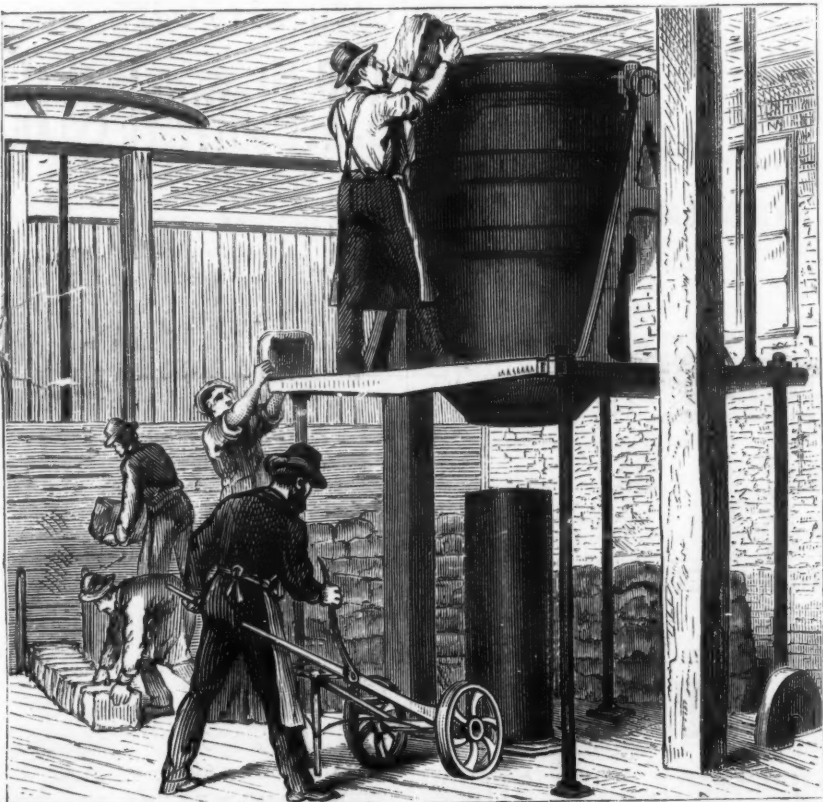


NEW YORK CITY.—THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION, APRIL 6TH, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—LADIES DISTRIBUTING ICES AND CAKE AMONG VETERANS OF 1812.—SEE PAGE 111.

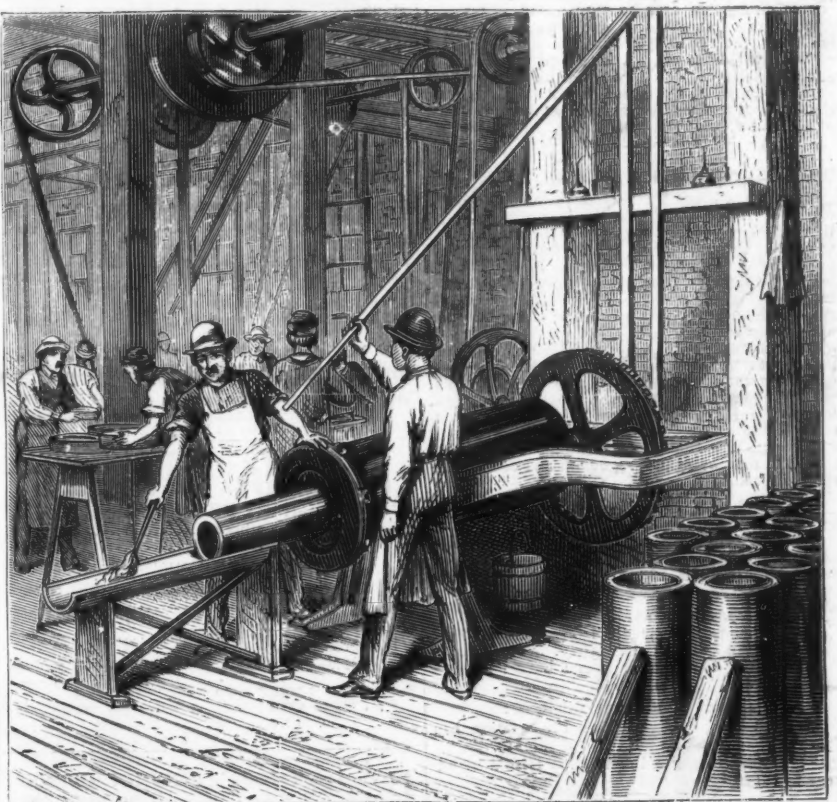




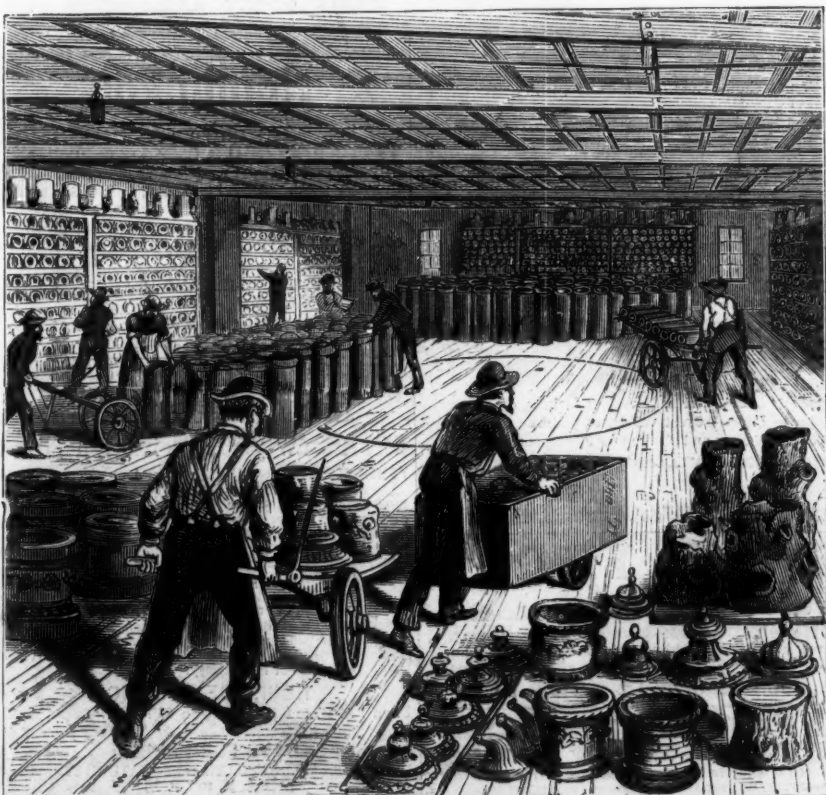
GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS AND MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.



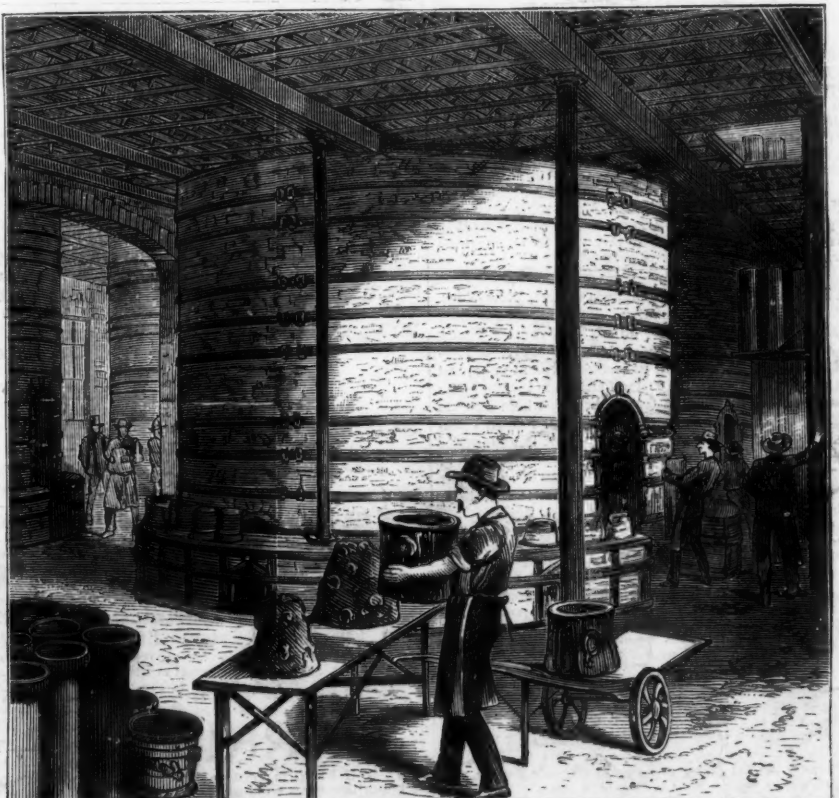
PRESS FOR MOLDING LARGE DRAIN-PIPES.



PRESS FOR MOLDING SMALL DRAIN-PIPES.



IN THE DRYING-ROOM.



THE BAKING-ROOMS—FILLING A KILN.



gradually promoted until he had charge of its political news columns. For a series of years, between 1859 and 1865, he represented several of the New York papers in the Legislature as reporter. At the breaking out of the war he became a war correspondent, and saw and described the Peninsula campaign of General McClellan.

From an early age Mr. Jacobs has taken an active interest in politics—always as a Democrat. He was first elected to the Assembly in the Fall of 1866, and re-elected every Fall up to and including 1872, thus serving in the Assembly in 1867, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72 and '73. As a member, he at first attracted but little attention, but by his close application and hard study he soon began to take an important part, until in 1870 and 1871 he was pressed by the Brooklyn interest for Speaker, and during those years was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Assembly, holding the position of leader on the floor of the House and recognized as one of the best parliamentarians. He is a fluent and effective speaker and a fearless advocate or opponent of whatever he takes hold of. In 1872 and 1873 he was the Democratic nominee for Speaker, but the Republicans being in the majority, the nomination was complimentary as an endorsement of his party in the Legislature. In the Fall of 1873 he was nominated and elected to the State Senate by the Democracy of the Third District of Brooklyn, and is a member of the Committee on Finance and Affairs of Cities, two of the most important committees of the Senate. He has served longer in the Legislature than any other person of his age in the State, or any one since the organization of the State Government, and is one of the most influential men of that body. In the contest of Governor Tilden in unearthing the canal frauds, Senator Jacobs has led the contest on the Governor's side, and has presented and urged the measures which the Governor deemed necessary. His management of the contest in the Senate has been admirable, and eminently successful, carrying through the Senate everything asked for by the Governor to strengthen his hands in that important movement. His position on that question, and his success, have made him regarded among his fellow-Senators as Governor Tilden's special representative in the Senate. At the present time Senator Jacobs may justly be considered as occupying the most prominent position of any member of the Senate representing his party, and on the high road to increased reputation and usefulness. He well deserves promotion as a manly, skillful and trustworthy representative of great public interests involving the good government and wellbeing of his immediate constituency and of the community at large. His reputation has already become national, and the time is at hand when we shall expect to see him launched on the grand tide of national politics and legislation.

#### TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times Women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From Miss LORINDA E. ST. CLAIR, Shade, Athens County, O.:

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From Mrs. JOHN K. HAMILIN, Odell, Ill.:

"Dr. PIERCE: The Favorite Prescription has done me good, which I am very thankful for."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by all dealers in drugs.

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**Don't fail to read the advertisement of T. C. Maxwell & Brothers, Geneva, N. Y.** They are reliable men, and have a large stock of the best of Trees, Plants, etc. It will pay you to correspond with them.

**Patent Office, 94 Chambers Street, New York.** U. S. Patent Right Association. Patents to be of any value, should be secured by an expert. Captain Henry Gerner, Pres. U. S. Patent Rights Association, Civil and Mechanical Engineer, and Expert in Infringement Suits, and other Patent Cases in the Federal and State Courts, is the most successful Patent Attorney through whom Patents can be obtained for U. S., Canada, and all foreign countries, at the lowest prices, with dispatch, and under guarantee. Consultations, advices and searches free of cost. Infringements adjusted. Publishers of the Patent Right Gazette. Address, Henry Gerner, P. O. Box 4544, New York.

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**Monte Cristo Cigar Manufacture.**—POLANSKI & GUERRA manufacturers and importers of Fine Havana Cigars. We guarantee entire satisfaction in quality and price of goods. Samples sent to all parts, C. O. D., with privilege to examine. POLANSKI & GUERRA, 83 William Street, N. Y.

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2 Prizes, at \$25,000 each .....50,000  
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469 Prizes, at 500 each .....234,500  
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10 Approximations from \$500 to \$5,000. 15,600

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Will open MONDAY, APRIL 12th, and during the week, their new show-rooms over the store, with a very elegant assortment of

#### FRENCH CHIP HATS AND BONNETS,

Trimmed in the most artistic and latest style.

**Misses', Children's & Infants' Trimmed Hats** in GREAT VARIETY. Magnificent and unequalled stock of

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Will open on Monday, 30 cases NEW CHIP HATS—the very latest novelties in Black, White, Brown, and Tan Dab, in all the new Parisian shades. Special Novelties in

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1 Prize of..... \$500,000  
1 Prize of..... 100,000  
1 Prize of..... 50,000  
2 Prizes of \$25,000 each..... 50,000  
4 Prizes of 10,000 each..... 40,000  
12 Prizes of 5,000 each..... 60,000  
2 Prizes of 1,000 each..... 2,000  
473 Prizes of 500 each..... 236,500  
1,601 Prizes amounting to..... 161,500  
All the Prizes above stated are Drawn at this Drawing.

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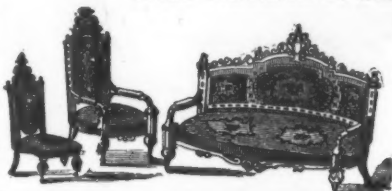
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87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,  
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STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



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FURNITURE,

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FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL, CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.  
NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS.  
Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor each way.  
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REPUBLIC - - - SATURDAY, April 24, at 8 A. M.  
ADRIATIC - - - SATURDAY, May 8, at 7:30 A. M.  
CELTIC - - - SATURDAY, May 15, at 1:30 A. M.  
From the White Star Dock, Pier No. 22 North River.  
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The Company's splendid Steamers leave San Francisco for Yokohama, Hong Kong and Shanghai, the last of every month.

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